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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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PARLIAMENT AND AGRICULTURE.

THE fact that Parliament meets on February 2nd ought to cause those who are interested in the fortunes of agriculture to bestir themselves. There are a number of important things to be done, but it will require more than usual energy to get them attended to when the House is preoccupied with another question. Yet the future depends so much upon the wisdom and prudence of the present, that we hope there will be a sufficient body of members who will have the patriotism to put aside the squabbles of the moment in order to carry out certain useful but not showy reforms. First there is the question of the labourer and the land. From it we would dismiss the fiscal problem altogether. Free Trade or Protection cannot affect the issues. The problem can be stated in very simple terms. Every great industrial country requires a healthy peasantry from which to draw recruits for its industrialism. Our peasants left the land, and the farmers do not want them back because, to put the whole matter in a nutshell, they have been replaced by machinery. Whether Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Rosebery should prevail in the coming encounter, it is equally certain that neither will cause this machinery to be abolished now that it has come into use. Thus as labourers the men cannot and will not go back to the land. We must, therefore, provide some other inducement, and the only one which has been suggested so far is that of increasing the number of small holdings and creating a class which will be akin to that of our yeoman

farmers of two or three generations ago, or the peasant proprietors of France. But even this will have to be gone about with great circumspection. You cannot by any mathematical plan scatter small holdings over the whole of agricultural England. It is a fact beyond dispute that they will do well where the land is particularly heavy and suitable for intensive cultivation—such, for example, as that round Wisbeach, in the Fen country, or the fine pastures of Cheshire. But all land will not repay the hand labour necessary to the best crops. Small holdings on the stony part of the Cotswolds or the thin, sandy soil of the Hampshire uplands would be foredoomed to failure.

These considerations have an effective bearing on Parliament, because they are an absolute deterrent to compulsory legislation. They in themselves show that if throughout the length and breadth of the country farms were cut into slices by the working of some mechanical Act of Parliament the result would be disastrous. It must be a permissive Bill, and for that very reason the conditions should be made as tempting as possible. Experience has shown that the Chaplin Acts were, so to speak, not a sufficiently high bid. We analysed the latest return of their working here some weeks ago, and the result, it will be remembered, was trivial. The amendment of the Small Holdings Act is therefore one of the first duties awaiting our legislators. That the present President of the Board of Agriculture will ever undertake it we scarcely believe. He is an excellent Minister, energetic in his habits, and devoted to the interests of the department to which he belongs; but it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for one brought up under the training and conditions to which he has been accustomed to realise the importance of this measure. Mr. Hanbury would have done so, and, indeed, that was the direction in which his mind was turned at the moment of his death; but his traditions were much more those of business than of ownership. Lord Onslow is so sincerely wishful to do his duty in the office to which he has been called, that if the question were presented to him in its true light, we feel confident he would accord it his support; but it is too much to expect the initiative from him. Someone who is outside, therefore, must take the bull by the horns and insist on the Government giving their attention to this matter. Yet it is difficult to select the proper man for the task. Among Liberal statesmen, Lord Rosebery is probably the only one who thoroughly understands the question, and has a due sense of its importance; but he is in the House of Lords, and measures which originate there have a habit of losing themselves and getting forgotten when they come down to the House of Commons. Of the politicians in the Lower House it is very difficult to mention any that have a thorough command of rural questions. Sir Edward Grey, fair and acute though he is, has devoted himself more to foreign than to home policy, and he knows more of the beauties than of the drawbacks of the country. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman comes from too far North. The conditions in Scotland are quite other than those prevailing in England. Mr. Asquith is a lawyer, and no lawyer is ever able to identify himself with the rural swain. Mr. John Morley seems to have taken it into his head that agriculture needs nothing; and so it is very difficult to name the right man for the task. If a Ministerialist were to come forward, the chances are that he would repeat the mistake of Mr. Chaplin and make the conditions too difficult to be workable. Thus an excellent chance is provided for some of the younger men who want to make a name for themselves, and who would rather base their claim to fame on a measure of assured usefulness than acquire it by means of a controversy which consists largely of fireworks on both sides.

Nor is this question of small holdings the only one commanding urgent consideration. There are several others. The housing question in villages demands attention equally much as the same problem in towns, and, indeed, progress along any line seems to us difficult, if not impossible, until this matter is settled. Without houses there can be no small holdings. Again, the rating question is urgently demanding attention. The highway rate in especial ought to be dealt with, in view of the demands that are being made for an entire reconstruction of our roads. It has long been known that till the highways are relaid, and the bridges either mended or pulled down and rebuilt, the heavy traffic which the invention of the motor-car ought to lead to will be practically impossible. The development and advance of the country make it imperative that these questions should receive early and close attention.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece for this week is a portrait of Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Mrs. Chamberlain is the only daughter of Mr. W. C. Endicott, Secretary of War for the United States of America during Mr. Cleveland's first administration.



THE customary notice from the Prime Minister reminds us that this stormy and tumultuous vacation is now approaching an end. Parliament assembles again on February 2nd, when, according to Mr. Balfour, business of the highest importance will be discussed. Probably Mr. Balfour himself is not certain of what that business will be, since it partly depends upon the Opposition. Whether the forms of the House will permit them to raise the issue of Free Trade *versus* Protection remains to be seen. It is quite evident that their policy is at the earliest possible moment to bring about a discussion with the Government that would force all the supporters of the present Ministry to declare themselves clearly one way or another. It would be interesting, even from a perfectly outside point of view, to know to what extent Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are being followed by the body of their supporters, and how many are inclined to sacrifice the rest of their convictions at the altar of Free Trade.

The rising in South-West Africa is likely to bring home to the subjects of the Kaiser the responsibilities of Empire. The Herrero revolt is a serious one, and much akin to some of those uprisings which have led to so many little wars with us. It appears that the natives had judged their time well, since the President was in another part of the colony, quite twenty days' march from the scene of the massacre. It is a place difficult to reach, and the rescue of the survivors will be impossible before February 8th at the earliest. As we have good reason to know, the fighting capacity of native tribes has very much improved within the last ten years, and, though the suppression of the revolt is a certainty, the Germans will probably discover that the process is both longer and more costly than they at present dream of. At least, that has been British experience, and we very much doubt if the German Army can move with the rapidity and certainty of our own.

If there should be war between Russia and Japan, never, surely, could there be war that would test more shrewdly the theory of Captain Mahan, universally accepted, of the preponderating value of command of the sea. This command, unless we have been greatly misinformed, will belong to the island Power. This Power, moreover, has the further advantage of operating near its base. Relatively speaking, the difficulties of transport will be non-existent for it. For Russia, on the contrary, they will be vast, along the immense lines of railway. The habits of the Japanese soldiers, further, reduce their transport and commissariat problems. A small daily ration of rice suffices them—officers equally with private soldiers. Of rice the crop was unusually good in Japan last year, and the treasury is plentifully furnished with ready money. This last favourable statement can hardly be made of the Russian finance, for it is known that that great country has been seeking to float a big loan for some time past. All these are considerations that will tend to make the battle, which has its analogy as regards the relative bulk of the opponents in David and Goliath, less unequal than it may appear.

Of old it was the reproach of nations that they stoned the prophets, and, according to the greatest sage of modern times, if you are to seek the wisest man of any country and of any time, you will not go to colleges and palaces and homes of statesmen, but into the workhouse, the prison, and the asylum, since it is to these vile refuges that the truly wise and good are eventually driven. But that powerful new nation, Japan, set quite a different example. In the plenitude of its rejuvenated life it sent a councillor to that prophet of prophets, the late Herbert Spencer, and asked him for guidance. Mr. Spencer had a disposition which the Scotch call "couthy," and he told the Japs what to do, but on condition that they should not make his advice public as long as he lived, "for," said this seer, "I do not desire to arouse

the animosity of my countrymen." This was not quite in the manner of the Christian martyr who rejoiced to face wild beast for his creed and his convictions, but if a modern evolutionist is an altruist, that is so much gain, and any steps that he may take afterwards to make himself safe may be forgiven.

The advice given by Mr. Herbert Spencer to the Japanese deserves to be carefully scanned, especially as we think it has been somewhat misunderstood by the daily Press. In effect it was an exhortation to have as little as possible to do with foreigners. He advised them to keep Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length. He did not ask them to stop trading, but, on the contrary, regarded importation and exportation of physical and mental products as the only permissible intercourse, but he would have our yellow allies most careful not to sell land to foreigners or give them a footing in the country. He urged upon them to keep even the coasting vessels in their own hands. Now undoubtedly there was a certain amount of wisdom in all this. It may, as some have said, have been China's exclusiveness that kept her back so long, but if this exclusiveness had not interfered with freedom of trade, the difficulty would not have arisen. After all, it is this free commercial and intellectual intercourse which helps a nation forward. There is a great deal to be said for the policy of exclusion in regard to the other points raised by Mr. Spencer, and if he had had the courage to have his letter published during his lifetime it would have made him as many friends as enemies.

THE DAISY CHAIN.

Bring me no more
Your roses red—
Those globes of fire
Wherein desire
Lurks to restore
A passion dead!
Lest sight and scent shall wake again
The memory of an ancient pain.

But prithee get
Me daisies white,
That I may so
Forget my woe,
And dream me yet
A little sprite,
Who binds her joys with daisy chain,
Nor ever lets them loose again!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

In the course of his annual visitation to his constituents, Mr. John Morley was presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Arbroath, and this furnished him with an opportunity of delivering a little essay on Gladstone, which may be read as a useful supplement to the "Lie." The occasion was very suitable, because, as he said, Mr. Gladstone was the first Scotchman who had risen to be Prime Minister of England, though, curiously enough, since his death, two have held that position—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. Cardinal Manning once to Mr. Morley characterised Mr. Gladstone as an ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotsman, and we do not know that Mr. Morley improved on that when he said Mr. Gladstone was a Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander. Of course, it is just another way of saying that on one side of his nature Mr. Gladstone was eager, impulsive, enthusiastic, and on the other, firm, composed, and leisurely. Most men who have risen to eminence have had more than one side to them. They hold in separate compartments of the brain what many others have as their only capital. This was one part of Mr. Morley's pilgrimage in which friend and opponent could equally join. The political, controversial side we leave to the discussion of those contemporaries who are engaged in the warfare of party politics.

Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, whose services have been so great to England, was one of the most distinguished men of his day. From the time when he entered the Navy as midshipman, at the age of twelve, to his retirement in 1879, his career was a succession of brilliant incidents. As Captain Keppel he took an active part in the first China War, and in 1854 he went to the Baltic in command of the *St. Jean d'Acre*. Shortly afterwards he succeeded Captain Lushington as commander of the Naval Brigade, and was three times mentioned in despatches for his bravery in the Crimean campaign. His next expedition was to the East, where he had the misfortune to ground his ship, the *Raleigh*, off Macao, for which he was tried by court-martial and acquitted. In June, 1857, his brilliant exploit at Fatsan Creek covered him with fresh honours. Since his retirement Sir Henry Keppel has been a prominent figure in Society. He was a great favourite with the King and Queen, and his gentleness and geniality made him beloved by all who knew him.

Until within a few days of his death he enjoyed the best of health, and only four years ago was able to make a voyage to Borneo to revisit the scenes of so many of his brilliant actions.

M. Rodin, as was very natural, has been very much gratified with his visit to England. Of course, he has had admirers here for many a long year, one or two of his pieces, such as the well-known bust of W. E. Henley, being standing object-lessons in his art, and when he did cross the Channel, those who gathered beside him were his closest admirers, so that it is no wonder if he saw England through rose-coloured spectacles. Indeed, the reception may be taken as proof that our appreciation of foreign artists is an increasing one. At the same time we, who are in the midst of it, know that in the background there is an innumerable crowd of people, whom one does not like to call Philistines, who never heard his name and far less know his work. All the same, we are glad that the King, with his customary tact, accorded a reception to M. Rodin, and, if the rumour be correct, gave him a commission to do a piece of sculpture for Windsor Castle.

The Censor of Plays at the present moment is a gentleman who does not appear to recognise the delicate basis on which this office stands. Mr. Cecil Raleigh has sent a letter round to the newspapers in which he says that a new play by Mr. Arthur Shirley, called "The White Slaves of London," was refused on the following grounds: First, because there were no slaves in London; and, secondly, because it was calculated to set class against class. We have not heard the Censor's reply, and it may be as well to reserve judgment until he has spoken; but it seems to us inconceivable that a playwright should be refused permission to call the sweated population of East London slaves if he chooses to do so, and certainly to exhibit the hardships undergone by these people is a legitimate dramatic objective. But it is just possible, of course, that other objections may have been taken to the play, and until the whole of the facts are disclosed we are inclined to doubt whether this be a complete version of it or not.

The Pope's edict forbidding the use of pianos, drums, and cymbals during service in Roman Catholic churches reminds us that not so long ago we had a variety of instruments playing in our own churches. The organ, or "kist fu' o' whistles," as an old Scottish divine used to call it in contempt when declaiming against "hunkering" and other prelatical inventions, has been exclusively used only for a short time. In some of the high churches other instruments are in use to-day, and readers of Mr. Hardy's early, and best, novel, "The Woodlanders," will remember the interesting account given there of the rustic choristers, and the many different instruments played by them. In principle, we cannot see that any valid objection lies against one form of music more than another, although it is quite true that our northern neighbours differentiated between what they call sacred and secular music for use on a Sunday afternoon. The only thing in favour of the organ is that it has a natural solemnity befitting the offices of the Church; but otherwise there seems no reason why a hymn-tune should not be sung to a fiddle.

Whatever may be the merits of the fiscal controversy, no one is likely to say that it conduces towards improving the elegance of the English language. Neither on one side nor the other are the party names which have arisen suggestive of much wit on the part of the controversialists. In fact, to put the matter rudely, they look to an outsider rather stupid. "Chamberlainite" and "Balfourite" were, of course, inevitable, "Free-fooder" is a vile expression, but not quite so vile as "Whole-hogger." "Fiscalitis" is a bit of slang that suggests *Comic Cuts*, and "Dumpophobia" is worthy of *Punch* at its worst. After all, the old party names—Conservative and Liberal, Free Trader and Protectionist—are both more elegant and more expressive than these new-fangled words, which testify in an extraordinary degree to the vulgarity of the age which produced them.

Mr. Fuller Maitland is at present delivering at the Royal Institution a series of lectures on a very interesting subject, "British Folk Song." So far he has confined himself to music, and has been engaged in laying down the principles that he considers to have governed the composition of these once popular airs. It would be interesting if he would give us a collection of them. Whoever is fond of ancient ballads and ancient songs is very well aware that, save in the most exceptional cases, the music to which they are sung in modern drawing-rooms is an invention of recent date, and, as far as one can judge, absolutely different from the tune to which the words were originally sung. We might take the "Lyke Wake Dirge" or the "Four Marys" as an example. Both were at one time fairly popular in the drawing-room, and even now cannot be said to be wholly unknown there, but it is inconceivable that the tunes given them can even approximately resemble those to which they were originally

wedded. In very few cases, indeed, has the old music been preserved, and Mr. Fuller Maitland would confer a service upon the public if he would publish his collection of folk songs.

In connection with Mr. Fuller Maitland's lecture it may be interesting to refer to an account Mr. Cecil Sharpe has given of his search for old songs in the West. His excursion reminds us of those border raids that Sir Walter Scott used to make in search of ballads and material for romance, only that, as becomes an age of telegraphs and motor-cars, he seems to have accomplished the thing with much more celerity. It took Scott many, many years to get his collection together, but Mr. Sharpe seems to have popped down into Devon by an express train, met one or two clergymen who had been gathering these songs, and promptly annexed them. The result, in his own words, was that "in less than a fortnight I had secured more than forty-five new songs, some of them very beautiful, and all of them interesting." This, we understand, makes close on a hundred that he has obtained from one small district. There is nothing very wonderful in that, because, to our personal knowledge, there are people who have been collecting these old songs for the last quarter of a century, and, of course, if they like to transfer them to other hands that is their own affair. What we know of them, however, is that the music is not set to ballads that from their intrinsic merit would be admitted to a book of ballads, but to somewhat indifferent modern songs. Thus the difficulty, that we have just stated, of obtaining the music for the fine old ballads is as far from being surmounted as ever.

GREEN GRASS IN JANIVEER.

Green grass in Janiveer,
'Neath a sky that would be blue
If the wind would only cease
Shuttling to and fro and through
Flying clouds and straining trees.
Blue hepatica looks out,
Half in joy and half in doubt;
Yellow aconite wears clear,
Ensign of the opening year;
Leaves of hyacinths appear,
Emerald lances laid in rest
For the honour of their crest.
Leaf-buds have a mind to swell;
Holly in her citadel,
Prickly-leaved, still brightly shows
Berries that outblush the rose.
Not a robin holds in fear
Green grass in Janiveer.

NORA CHESSON.

Since the beginning of historical times man has carried on continual warfare with the rat, and it must be admitted that so far the rodent has held his own in the battle, if we except that mythical occasion on which the Pied Piper of Hamelin got the better of him. However, those dreadful scientific Germans appear to have discovered a means of exterminating brother rat. They have found out that among his other misdeeds he frequently carries the germs of plague into ships, and to ensure health it is necessary that both rats and mice be exterminated. Under these circumstances, Dr. Leybold, Director of the Hamburg Gas-works, has devised a machine for doing the rat down. It is employed to produce "generator" gas. The ship is cleared of all hands for a few hours, the gas is pumped into the holds, which are afterwards ventilated, and the trick is done. The account which we have received of these proceedings leaves one point in obscurity, and that is what becomes of the dead bodies. If left in the crevices and holes wherein the rat usually lurks, their presence, one would think, would not be conducive to the health and comfort of the passengers and crew. Again, is this gas used before the cargo is put on board or after? If after, there are some cargoes that would not be greatly improved by being soaked in "generator" gas, and if before, would not a new stock of rats be brought in with the bundles or casks? On the whole, one is inclined to think that the end of the rat has not yet come. He will survive even the machinations of the wily German scientist.

The importance of the over-sea fruit trade is strikingly exemplified by the launch of a new steamer, the *Matina*. It has been built for the firm of Elders and Fyfes. It is the first steamer in which the entire internal space, except that required for coal bunkers, will be insulated for the long-distance carriage of fruit. It affords positive proof that Mr. Barker was not going beyond his brief when he said that the system of carrying fruit from tropical countries initiated three years ago had proved a complete success. Another vessel similar to this one is to be launched in a few weeks, and after that there will be a weekly service from Port Limon. He thinks then that the total importation of bananas will come to about 5,000,000 bunches.

It is wonderful how kindly and how quickly the pigeons have taken to the new buildings of the Admiralty. They are buildings that the architect has adorned with notches and ledges rather as if he had the welfare of the pigeons at heart, and they have not been ungrateful. From their point of view the new Admiralty seems as if it must be an improvement on the old.

A fine thing that is in some present danger, in consequence of the transference of the Admiralty offices from the old buildings to the new, is the magnificent panelling and carving by Grinling Gibbons in the old Admiralty boardroom. There are appropriate designs in sextants, telescopes, and the like, all done as only Gibbons could execute them, besides floral designs and much fine detail work of a more conventional kind. The ceiling itself is almost an unique work, and the whole room is oak panelled. Apart from the beauty of this woodwork, the room has the greatest historical interest. It is here that the news was received and discussed of the victory of Trafalgar, and one of the pictures that hung on the wall for many years was that of the victor who met his death at the hour of victory in that battle. There is a proposal, as is understood, to construct a room exactly similar to this old boardroom in the part of the new Admiralty buildings yet to be erected, and to transfer the whole of the woodwork to the new room. It is greatly to be hoped that this will be done.

Very often has the saying been quoted that "a green Yule makes a fat churchyard," and generally it has been quoted with the object of pointing out how far this proverbial statement wanders from the truth, which, as a matter of fact, is rather to be found in the direct opposite of the proverb. Apart from the

condition of affairs exactly at Yuletide last, we all know only too well that the year just past was one of record rain. This being the case, it is rather singular to notice the remarkably low rate of mortality that has prevailed all over the country, whether in direct consequence of the humid conditions it would be difficult perhaps to say. The facts, at all events, are notable, the death-rate being lower than ever known before. Liverpool, alone of the big towns, has as high a rate as 20 in the 1,000; and in London the rate per 1,000 has ranged from 15.7 in the centre to 7.9 in the suburbs.

It is a pity that every revolution in the Spanish-American republics, where such periodic disturbances are apparently necessary for the health of the inhabitants, cannot be conducted on the admirable lines of the particular example which is now running its course in San Domingo. A list of conditions has been drawn up by the commanders of a British and a United States warship present in those waters, subject to which the revolution is to be allowed to proceed. If, however, these stipulations, which chiefly provide against injury being done to British and American interests, are disregarded in the heat of the conflict, a state of peace will be promptly enforced. There is something delightfully novel about this idea of warfare being conducted in strict obedience to regulations imposed by outsiders, and it is much to be hoped that the excellent precedent may be followed on other occasions. If the idea, thus happily introduced, were only properly developed, there seems a good prospect of these once sanguinary conflicts becoming as recognised and orderly a national institution as American college football, and but very little more dangerous.

INVOCATION.

Play me a lulling tune, O Flute-Player of Sleep,
Across the twilight bloom of thy purple havens.
Far off a phantom stag on the moonyellow highlands
Ceases; and, as a shadow, wavers; and passes:
So let Silence seal me and Darkness gather, Piper of Sleep.

Play me a lulling chant, O anthem-maker,
Out of the fall of lonely seas, and the wind's sorrow:
Behind are the burning glens of the sunset sky
Where like blown ghosts the seamews wail their desolate sea-dirges:
Make me of these a lulling chant, O anthem-maker.

No—no—from nets of silence weave me, O Sigher of Sleep,
A dusky veil ash-grey as the moonpale moth's grey wing:
Of thicket-stillness woven, and sleep of grass, and thin evanishing air
Where the tall reed spires breathless—for I am tired, O Sigher of Sleep,
And long for thy muffled song as of bells on the wind, and the wind's cry
Falling, and the dim wastes that lie
Beyond the last, low, long, oblivious sigh.

FIONA MACLEOD.

A HAMLET IN CORNWALL.

THE pictures which we show to-day represent some of those cottage homes of England which are being so rapidly forsaken. They were taken at Congresbury in Cornwall, but the ideas they suggest have more of a general than a local character. No pen is needed to describe the beauties of the place, as they are plainly visible to the eye. Such cottages are to be found in many parts of England, homely and comfortable-looking with their covering of thatch, situated within their own little garden plots, where vegetables are grown, and ever a few old-fashioned flowers also—pinks, wallflowers, Michaelmas daisies, and tall sunflowers. As it happens, down the middle of the street tinkles a sparkling brook, and the houses face one another from opposite sides of the water. At one time it is probable that this place had much more consequence than it has to-day. We give an illustration of a beautiful old porch that might have graced one of the finest manor houses in the land, but of it the very memory seems to have died away. What family lived in it, what notable people were born and died there, what they did, and where they are buried, are facts that have passed into the limbo of oblivion, that "grisly phantom sitting at the gate." The late Lord Tennyson used to say in his private talk, "We are all rushing into obscurity, some

faster, some slower"; but it is only a question of time between the distinguished man of genius, upon whom all eyes are fixed, and the humble ploughman, who scarcely, in thought even, has travelled beyond his own parish. The little blades of grass and the little specks of dust wait ever to eat up the thriving haunts of population to-day, as they have done the cities of the past—Tyre and Sidon and Babylon and Troy itself.

No doubt there was a time when the villagers gathered round this little cross on market day in their hundreds, and even the memory of the market day has passed away. What gives point and reality to these reflections is the rapidity with which the rural population is to-day disappearing, and we are afraid it is an ill without remedy. A few years ago agriculture was in the way of being obstructed and hindered by the rural exodus. The countryman, as he has done so often in history, took a dislike to rural life, and hastened townwards in great and increasing numbers. Some people speak as if this were one of the social weaknesses peculiar to our own day. This is not so, but it is the recurrence of a problem as old as history. The Romans knew what the difficulty was, and so did our own sovereigns and legislators. Only during one brief period was the rural population of England numerous and contented. This



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WAYSIDE COTTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was, needless to say, at the establishment of the feudal system, when the lord of the manor lived in the middle of his demesne, and had his tenantry and thralls around him. He was bound to bring so many soldiers into the field by the King's command, and during periods of peace this was how he supported them: Three days a week they worked on his fields, paying what it has become the fashion to call a labour-rent. Three days were left them to cultivate their own land, and they had a most generous allowance of saints' days and holidays on which they rested from their labours. The manor then was self-supporting, because Englishmen had not yet acquired a taste for foreign luxuries. The villeins were content to eat the bread that was made and grown

and this profit could not be obtained if a considerable labour bill were incurred at the same time. A glance at the various tasks performed on the land will show more vividly than anything else could the reason why cottages, similar to those we illustrate, are daily being vacated. The spring ploughing is already on some farms being performed by a motor, and if the motor comes into common use it will do away with the services of the horse-keeper.

Twenty or thirty years ago grain was nearly all sown by hand, and it was one of the honours bestowed on an old labourer to give him this task, for it was indeed a delicate and difficult one. It may seem to the outsider a very easy matter to walk up

a field with a bag and scatter corn on the surface, but a good sower could so throw it that every foot of soil was evenly sown with grain. To-day this is done automatically by a machine, and there are machines for laying on the manure and doing the work preparatory to sowing. So with grubbing, hoeing, and cleaning the land—it is all done by improved appliances. Gathering the crop, which used to keep so many busy hands employed, is now scarcely work enough for a couple of mechanics. Tossing and tedding the hay, carrying and ricking it, reaping the corn and leading it to the stack, are tasks performed without calling upon the labourer, and even the thrashing is done by a travelling steam machine. The last task of all that seemed to be the most lasting one was that of milking cows, and even for this machinery is being employed to a large extent. The practical effect of all this could only be shown properly as the result of enquiries made over a large extent of



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COTTAGE AT CONGRESBURY.

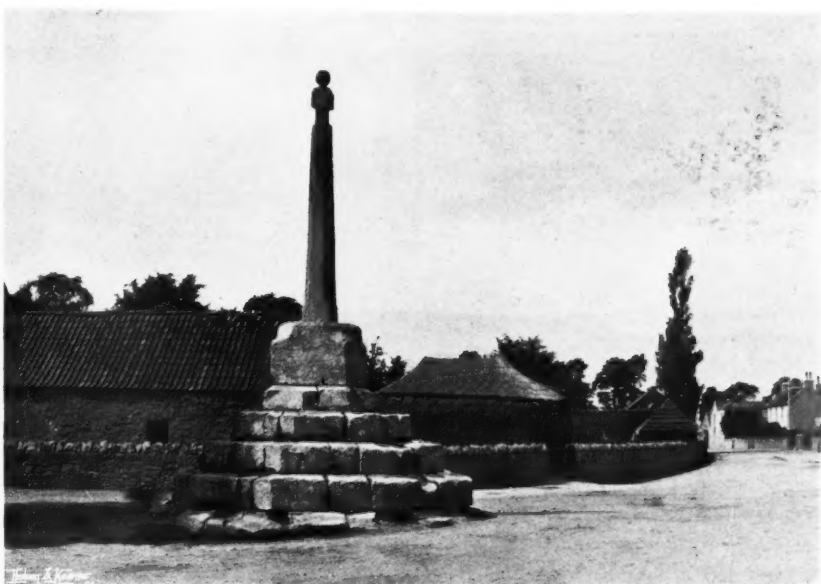
"COUNTRY LIFE."

on the estate, and the lord himself roasted his own sheep or oxen, and drew fish from his own fish-stews, where the art of breeding and rearing fish was practised with a skill that we can emulate but not surpass. Every garment was made from the pelt or fleece of the animals killed in hunt or kept in domesticity. If it had been possible to lay siege to the manor, it could have fed and clothed its own garrison; and if those simple tastes had continued to distinguish the rural population, contentment might have reigned in Arcadia till now. It is the tree of knowledge that induces people to leave their Edens, and after the introduction of railways the rural swain began to acquire

ground. One most important factor we have omitted mention of altogether. Needless to say, that is the transference of so much land from arable to pasture, so that instead of employing a large number of ploughmen, only two or three flock-keepers are needed for it. We might illustrate the case from a farm personally known to the writer. Remembrance of the number of people employed on it is kept alive by a curious fact. The grandfather of the present tenant used to encourage his men to go to church on Christmas Day, and everyone who did so received a quantity of beef and plum-pudding. Now on the last occasion when this parade was held fifty-nine men and boys attended it, and of these

many are still alive to attest the fact. The farm is one of 600 acres, and at the present moment, instead of those fifty-nine, only twelve people are employed on it. Yet it is more productive to-day than it was in olden times, and it may safely be said that English land is made to yield more just now than ever before was the case in its history. People talk a good deal at random of it going out of cultivation and of holdings being difficult to let. The contrary is the case. For every farm that becomes vacant there are many applicants, and the rent they are willing to pay now is very much more than it used to be in the evil days of depression.

The principal reason for it is that more science has been brought into the art. We buy even more food from abroad than we used to, and there has been no material enhancement of prices, so that the farmer is obliged to make his land more productive in order to find a profit. He works it more carefully than his predecessors did; he has a better knowledge of soils and manures, and a clearer understanding of what the land is fitted to produce. In such callings as dairy farming there is no doubt much yet to be done, but then very considerable progress has already been made. Since the milk trials were introduced into one or two of the leading shows, the dairy farmer has set up for himself a higher standard of milk production. Previously he scarcely knew how much his cows yielded, but only had a rough idea that one cow was a good milker and another a bad one. To-day he cannot afford to follow that slovenly course, but on every well-conducted farm the produce of the cow is weighed or measured at every meal and at the end



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A VILLAGE CROSS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the year her total is made up and compared with that of others. Then, again, he has been taught a more scientific and a more economical method of feeding for milk, so as to obtain the maximum quantity at a minimum outlay.

It is the same with fat stock generally. Even a modern farmstead differs altogether from the rambling, ill-considered set of buildings that was thought good enough fifty years ago. The stalls are arranged so that instead of several people being required to do the feeding, an old man or a boy may take the food round on a trolley and do all that has to be done in a very few minutes. So with the arrangements for removing manure. The saving of labour has to be most carefully considered by the architect and his advisers. All this raises a very serious question. The rural population hitherto has been absolutely necessary to the strength and manhood of England, for from it town and factory and shop have drawn their best recruits, and a permanent reduction is a very serious matter. It has been calculated that where the best machinery is employed about two workmen are required for every hundred acres, and that would mean a very small peasantry indeed. Yet no one would discourage the use of machinery. The only way to meet the evil is to encourage the establishment of small holdings on all land which is good enough to admit of their being carried on at a profit. This is becoming a matter of Imperial interest, and we earnestly trust that in the excitement of party warfare it will not be forgotten during the coming session.

A BOOK OF . . . THE WEEK.

WHAT modern England is would probably be defined differently by each of a dozen people who attempted it. Mr. Herbert Paul in his new book, which he calls *A History of Modern England* (Macmillan), dates it from the substitution of the railway for the stage-coach, and his first two volumes are devoted to the period which elapsed between what he calls the last Whig Government, that is to say, the Premiership of Lord John Russell, which began in 1856, and the close of the Palmerstonian era. The term modern England is, however, merely arbitrary. Perhaps even a more suitable beginning, and certainly a more orderly one, would have been the opening of the reign of Queen Victoria, nine years earlier. It would have afforded a better opportunity for observing the beginning and growth of the forces that have made the England of to-day. A good half of Mr. Paul's stories have to start in the middle. We may as well say here at once that the book suffers from being much too political. Older



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AN ANCIENT PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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historians appeared to think that their duty was done when they laid before their readers a chronicle of the sovereigns who had lived, and of the wars that had been fought. Substitute for this the proceedings of Parliament, and you have a new illustration of the truth of Milton's saying that "new presbytery is but old priest writ large." It seems to us that Mr. Herbert Paul has been unable to see wood for trees. He tells, and often in a spirited way, the history of dead and gone Parliamentary conflicts; and the way in which he calls up politicians whose names live only in conventional histories, reminds us of Tennyson's line, "Trooping from their narrow graves the chop-fallen rascals come."

A true history of our times would be a different pair of shoes, nor could we imagine any task more interesting than that of tracing the causes that brought about the England of to-day. Mr. Paul takes as his great epoch-making event the Free Trade controversy of 1846. It is no wish of ours to belittle that important change in our fiscal policy, yet it was but the culmination of forces that had been generated before. Modern England, in Mr. Paul's sense of the phrase, really began within a decade or two after Waterloo. He is obliged again and again to refer to men whose careers were opening then. The long war that had come to an end had exhausted England, and yet it filled her with new vigour that only required a short period of rest to develop itself. Anyone who knows the time well is aware that never did Englishmen appear more rugged, more energetic, more determined, yet in all that makes for the grace and amenity of life they seem to have lacked something. Dress, which had been elegant and beautiful in the eighteenth century, was at its ugliest. Houses, furniture, and their concomitants were atrocious. It was an England strong as ever it had been, but lacking as England had scarcely ever been lacking before in the sense of beauty. Yet in those early days after Waterloo what an amount of intellectual energy was being generated! In the work of practical invention Stephenson was toiling at his engines and thinking out the plans for those iron roads that were to replace the mail coach. Slowly down the Bristol Channel had floated the first steam-ship that was to cross the Atlantic. Scientists in their closets were pondering over problems in electricity that shortly were to yield results more magical than any that writer recorded in ancient fairy tale. In literature new writers were gathering the strength that was to effect the most far-reaching reforms in manners and habits of thought. Already Carlyle, in his wild moorland home at Craigenputtock, had sent forth his first message of work, *laborare est orare*. Tennyson, in the English rectory of Somersby, had even then composed some of those verses which, later on, were to evoke from Charles Dickens that splendid compliment, "Thank God for a man who can write!" Dickens himself, with his novels, which were more than half tracts, and therefore all the more suitable to the time, was on the way. Ruskin, too, was thinking out those doctrines of art which, though obsolete now, were attuned to the wants of his own time, and were destined to produce the most notable effects on his countrymen.

If we turn to the condition of the people, it is to meet elements to dismay us. Never had English village life been so filthy and degrading. The English peasant was half-starved; he was crowded, with his wife, his grown-up sons and his grown-up daughters, little boys and little girls, into wretched one-room cottages, where neither cleanliness nor decency could be preserved. Outside the music that sounded in his ear was that of

the drummer-boy, and his future was with the recruiting sergeant. The abominable system of agricultural gangs prevailed, in which men and women labourers under the brutal and slave-driving gang-master went from farm to farm, working by day, and spending vicious nights higgledy-piggledy together in barns and out-buildings. This condition of things was awaking a dull resentment that found expression in rick-burning, chartism, and general discontent. Of industrial England nothing truer can be said than is to be found in Carlyle's "Past and Present." "Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone; their cunning right hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not perish starved." Who broke down the walls of this enchantment? If we were to take Mr. Paul or Mr. Justin McCarthy seriously, we should be compelled to think that it was due to the interminable squabbles that went on in Parliament, between politicians of whom it is safe to say that not one of them appreciated the conditions amid which he was living. They

were no more than mere automata acted upon by forces from without which they felt without understanding. They too were enchanted.

The Parliamentary history, which is here given with so much detail, matters nothing to the history of England. Moreover, the best minds of the country were perfectly aware of this at the time. Nothing could exceed the contempt and scorn poured upon Downing Street and its auxiliaries by Carlyle, and felt by Ruskin, Froude, and all the most famous of his disciples. Free Trade itself originated outside the walls, and was preached most effectively by men who did not enter Parliament until it was a *fait accompli*, and the reforms and changes that took place almost invariably came from outside.

Thus our main criticism of Mr. Herbert Paul's book is that it ought to be turned upside down, that he has given exaggerated emphasis to the wrong people and the wrong events, and has paid only perfunctory attention to those strong but silent and invisible tides that were sweeping England forward into new and undiscovered lands. It is exactly the same in theology. Here we have a long detailed account of the Oxford Movement, and the "Essays and Reviews," of Pusey, Newman, and Manning, whereas the giant figure that was to reduce all their disputations to the proportions of the pettiest squabbling was that of Charles Darwin. He it was who metamorphosed theology. It is true that Mr. Paul does not ignore this, but he is too intent on giving the trivial exchanges of wit and repartee between Wilberforce and the author of "The Descent of Man" to bring out his picture boldly and strongly and truly.

On this present occasion we feel inclined to leave the matter at this, as there are three more volumes to come, and they will furnish opportunity for examining Mr. Paul's work in detail. Much of this we willingly admit to be of the highest quality. He has most laboriously worked out the obscure foreign problems of the time, and when he writes of warfare or of action in the field, does so with a spirit and a go that are very welcome. His account of the Indian Mutiny, for instance, could scarcely have been bettered, and though one is quite familiar with the events, they assume a new freshness under his pen. He has all the merits that would fit him to undertake this work, except the depth and detachment and philosophy that would enable him to see the true sequence of events and range his pictures in their just proportion.

SALMON FLIES.

SALMON flies, lures, or whatever we may call them, have always been an interesting and inexhaustible field for discussion, speculation, invention, and not a little sentiment. One has a kindly feeling of "auld acquaintance" when handling some study of colour in fur, feather, and tinsel, the association of which often carries the mind back to recollections of great days, which perchance began with bitter disappointment and ended in satisfaction and content.

The river, after days of waiting, is at last in good volume and colour, and everything looks favourable to a grand day's sport as the rod is being put together and an eager start made. Salmon are rising all over the pool, which, however, is fished down three times, with as many changes of colour, but without getting a single pull. Things seem very hopeless, when in dogged perseverance we put up that tattered and torn old

Jock, which brings us the best fish of the season on this seemingly hopeless day; or that ragged little Dusty Miller saves a blank by tempting a brace of "springers" to their destruction. The handling of these well-worn friends carries us back over the years that have been, brings to us again the smell of the pine woods, the fascinations of the river, the wild beauty of the hills, and kindly thoughts of the friends we have fished with. There is a poetic fancy of feeling about these flies that does not pertain to a spinning bait of any description. We linger with fond fingers over the old flies, and are proud of the sport we have enjoyed when using them. It is so different with a beautiful Phantom or a deftly-concocted spinning tackle. We do not speak so much about them, and we do not tell our friends how many fish of our last season's bag were due to their employment. There is really no need for any such feeling or sentiment; but there it is, and no one may deny it.

And yet, after all, what are these beautiful creations of fur, feather, and tinsel? They certainly are not "flies," although for ages this form has been called a "fly," presumably because its form is the same as the artificial presentment of flies such as we use for trout and sea-



W. A. Rouch.

A PRETTY POOL.

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trout. The form here employed is reasonably like the natural insect, and up to the size employed as grilse flies may pass as such. When, however, we come to sizes 3/0 up to 7/0 this cannot be, as

we have nothing in Nature on salmon rivers which they may claim to represent, and therefore they clearly are not "flies," so that it would seem more appropriate to call them "lures." If one of these large "lures," with its gay colourings and Jungle Cock cheeks, be drawn through the water, it assumes more than anything else the shape of a small fish, and undoubtedly that is what salmon take it for. This may seem rank heresy to the purist fly-fisher, who, while casting his fly, fondly imagines he is "fly-fishing," when in reality he is only pulling a "lure" through the stream.

Why do salmon take a fly? This is a question often asked, the more so as scientists tell us that salmon do not feed in fresh water—a statement which, however, cannot be accepted by anglers. This is not a scientific treatise on the subject, but we may fairly ask scientists, when we see salmon caught with worm, prawn, or minnow, which they often take into their gullets as a trout will do, what they are doing with them there? If this is not *prima facie* evidence that they are feeding on them—and on this count the grand jury of scientists have not thrown out the bill—there is little chance of getting a conviction against *Salmo salar* for "feeding in fresh water." That salmon are rarely caught with anything in their stomachs is quite true, but it may be that it is only the hungry fish which takes a fly or a bait, and whose stomach is empty. Or it may be that his power of ejecting food is so great that in the struggle to free himself he ejects everything in his stomach.

Well, then, why does he take a fly? Is it from curiosity? To a certain extent it may be, but to prove this is impossible; while the fact of catching him with natural baits, which he is attempting to swallow, is conclusive evidence that he does feed in fresh water. Those who have watched trout feeding know that they examine almost everything they see floating down stream, often taking and ejecting things which, from their smell and texture, they discover are not food. A salmon, then, with his predatory instinct, may so take a salmon fly, because it arouses his curiosity as something strange



W. A. Rouch.

LEFT-HANDED LOOP CAST.

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CHANGING THE FLY.

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TYPICAL SALMON FLIES.



No. 1. Silver.



No. 2. Blue.



No. 3. Red.



No. 4. Gold.



No. 5. Black.



No. 6. Grey.

to him, or as bearing a resemblance to some marine creature he has been accustomed to feed on in the sea, and conveying to his remembrance the luscious meals he made as a smolt, on the same principle that trout take an artificial fly. Whatever the reason of the taking, whether it be mere curiosity or for the purpose of an examination as to the suitability of the object for food, matters little to the angler, whose great object is attained so long as he can induce the fish to take. And it is in this direction that careful study and experience will often save a blank day. The amount of light and shade, the character of the day, the force of the wind, the size and state of the water, and the general conditions obtaining during his fishing, are well worth careful study. What size of fly should be used to suit the height of the water, what colour to suit the light and condition, and what depth to fish, are all-important. The size of the fly to be used appears to be affected by the temperature, as well as the height of the river and the brightness of the day. When the temperature is very low, as in snow-fed rivers in early spring, a very large fly is requisite, whereas later in the season when the temperature is higher a much smaller fly must be used. Then in reference to colour. It is generally held that a bright fly for a bright day and a sober fly for a dull day are necessary, but we have seen this theory upset on many occasions. As the light begins to fade a larger fly should be used. It is a common practice to put up a white wing of some kind for the evening, but we have seen a large Gordon do best on many occasions, and this fly in its general colour effect is dark.

What the effect of colour is on the fish we have no means of knowing further than what experience has taught us. Some maintain that all colours are alike as viewed against the sun, and this is largely true, although the transparency of many of the materials used must have an effect by transmitting a portion of light through them, and so giving trans-

lucent colour effect. On the other hand, viewed with the sun, colour to us is distinct and clear; but is it so to the fish? It may, we think, be assumed that it is, and that salmon can distinguish colour. We do know that trout can, and if trout, why not salmon?

The question of particular colours for particular rivers has doubtless something in it, as the colours which are mainly responsible for the most fish are those which the experience of those who fish these rivers has proved in practice to be the best.

In choosing a fly we may with advantage consider the depth of the pool and the background against which the fish sees the fly. From one side of the river this may be a clear sky, while from the other it may be a dark pine wood or a sombre, overhanging cliff, each condition requiring a very different colour of fly. We must also consider the position from which fish lying on the bottom see the fly. Deep pools of, say, eight to ten feet naturally require a full-sized fly, in which the body should be the predominant feature. Shallower pools, where the fish see the fly more from the side, require a wing effect.

The eye of the fish, being placed at an angle to the stream, commands from either side a fair range, but, as he generally lies against a stone, he is unable to see a fly presented from that side, and, if he refuses to take, he should, if possible, be fished from the other side of the pool.

The enormous variety of salmon

flies (some 400), however, many of which vary so little, inclines one to think that they cannot all be necessary or even desirable, and only lead to confusion, and that it might be desirable to group the predominating colours into, say, six representative flies, which will fairly well cover all that can be desired. With this object in view, six typical flies, which have all been proved good killers, have been designed for this essay, and are here reproduced for the guidance of anglers. They are numbered consecutively, one to six. J. J. HARDY.



W. A. Rouch.

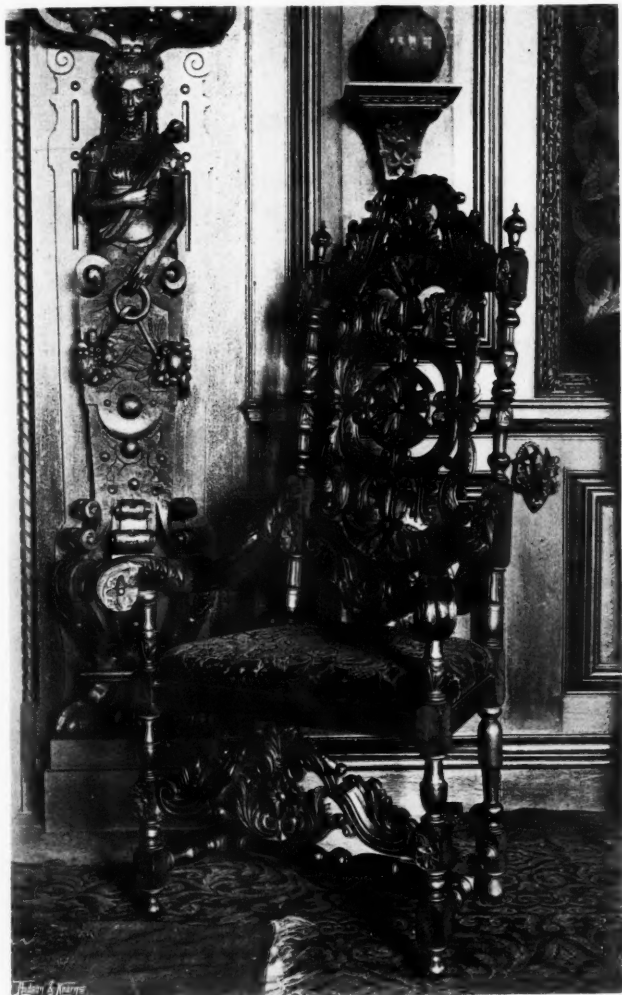
FINISH OF LOOP CAST

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ARM-CHAIRS.

THE chair is always a throne. Man, descended from the tree and venturing into the plain, scuttles after his prey with the long loping run of the wolf, but he runs upon his hind legs, and his long arms swing as he runs; his broad hands scramble only at the steep. When he rests by his kill, chipping at the flint, and scraping his pointed stick, he no longer curls up beside his dog, but chooses him a stone, a fallen tree or earth-bank, whereon he may sit in his new dignity of a two-legged man, lord of the creation.

From that hairy man it is a far cry to Mr. Pepys fitting his first full peruke upon his smooth pate, and it is as far from the flat stone to this high chair of the French fashion in which Mr. Pepys might have sat, toying with his plump fingers in the curls of the new wig, settling his skirts, and pulling at his silk stocking. But the Diary will show us something of the arboreal animal still lurking in Mr. Pepys, and the chair is still a seat of pride. The scarlet-robed judge sits in the high chair, whilst the prisoner must stand clutching at the spikes of the dock; the



THE GREAT ARM-CHAIR OF THE 17th CENTURY.

form master of the Lower Fourth sits at ease, whilst bitterly uneasy before him stands the unwilling camp-follower of Cæsar's legions. Even missus sits, and cook is thereby at disadvantage when she would explain the misadventure to last night's savoury.

For these things, then, the chair must be more than a seat. There must be arms to support the hands stretched forward in command. There must be a back, as much to remind us that we are men with straight backs, not creatures of the perch or the dust, as to help us to bear up that upright position. It is no wonder that in the seventeenth century, that age of planned and reasoned splendour, the chair shows a desire to be less a comfortable sitting place than a symbol; and earlier still, back in the Middle Ages, when might was right, the great lord sat raised high apart from the common herd in his great chair, which, richly carved and wrought with its tall canopy, compelled respect and awe. In this our second seventeenth century chair we find a seat, well set and well padded, but the eye is less taken by this than by its accidents, its scrolls, leaves and flowers, knots and knobs, turned and fluted pillars. The foot-rail upon which Queen Elizabeth's men scraped their heels has



ARM-CHAIR WITH STUFFED BACK AND SEAT.



CHAIR WITH THE ARMS OF SPAIN.

risen out of reach of boot-heels and become a flourish of scroll. It is still a stay to the fore legs of the chair, joinery having not yet given place to the glue-pot and screw-driver, but its pride will not admit the service in an age when captains at sea walk their gilded stern galleries in perfumed curls, billows of cambric and Flanders lace at neck and wrist. In such a chair we in our shining starch should be overbold to stretch our legs and arms in their black tubes of cloth. But the Restoration comes up stepping delicately in its red-heeled shoes and seats itself with a flutter of soft raiment. One of those well-cared-for hands which their painters love caresses the scrolled chair-arm; whilst the other nicely manages the gilt follies of the sword-hilt. The

Restoration comes up stepping delicately in its red-heeled shoes and seats itself with a flutter of soft raiment. One of those well-cared-for hands which their painters love caresses the scrolled chair-arm; whilst the other nicely manages the gilt follies of the sword-hilt. The



TWO 17th CENTURY CHAIRS WITH CANE BACKS.

share the character of the tall chair, with its appointed place against the wall. A chair of state of no uneasy character is seen in this chair, with a semi-circular back, from whose broad seat a Sancho might administer Baratarian justice, and though the chair is Dutch in its solidity the crowned shield above it, supported by these maimed lions, is the shield of Spain. It is doubtful, however, whether we have this piece in its original form; the rich scrolls do not hold well with the simple gouge work at the edge of the seat. In these two caned chairs we have the taste of the Restoration in its pleasantest form. The form is that of the solid oak chair with the panelled back, the chair in which well-to-do England sat down in Bloody Mary's day, finding it a comfortable seat for a century and more. Our Restoration chairs have lightened it by changing the panel of the back and the boards of the seat for woven cane. Twisted posts take the place of the square uprights, and the carvings of the frame have become pierced work. But the light lines of these chairs are the old lines, and stray into no tiresome fantasy. Without doubt these two examples are English—the evidence of the English closed crown in the rail and at the head of the first one being unneeded.



CHAIR IN CARVED WOOD & STAMPED LEATHERS.

head leans somewhat forward, lest the curled peruke should tangle in the knobs and scrolls of the chair back.

A later type of the chair with arms has abandoned much of the dignity of the earlier example for the sake of squab comfort. The buttoned padding of seat and back is commonplace, and the uprights of the back are uninteresting as Victorian fire-irons. In the addition of casters to the feet dignity again suffers; a chair prepared to be pushed hither and thither cannot



ARM-CHAIR WITH CANE SEAT AND BACK.

A seat and back padded with stamped leather demand heavier treatment. In this example the graceful effect of the back and arms is injured by the surrender of the forelegs to the fashion of the amorphous claw and ball pattern which was seizing upon all elaborate chairs. Under these heavy claws our English joiners are still trampled. In our next illustration we have an even better picture of a light back protesting against clumsy feet and poorly-imagined scrollwork in the stays of the legs.

The chairs we have illustrated above are, for the most part, upon the lines which the fashion of the later seventeenth century called for in chairs for great folk. But we must remind ourselves that these chairs do not stand for all their fellows in age. There persisted side by side with them chairs following stiffly upon the ancient lines, and this arm-chair from Hatfield is one of many in which the fancy of the craftsman has taken its own way. See how cleverly the light arms are set upon uprights whose lightness is balanced by the great pear-shaped knob below them, and how squarely and strongly the legs and their stays and crossbar carry the tall back.

Here is a chair of a much later age gaining fitness at a sacrifice to its sturdiness of all ornament. Such a chair



ARM-CHAIR AT HATFIELD.

may stay for a time by the study table of a master with character, but its fate is always to drift in the end to the entrance, there to abide with the barometer and the umbrella-stand. A thousand messengers "waiting in the 'all for an answer" will rock themselves and loll in its arms, yet will no joint rack loose of this chair of English virtue. Three generations of children will urge it as a Roman chariot, or crowded stage-coach, and the sport fatal to many a brave old arm-chair will leave this one unmoved.

Let us end our tale of armed chairs with this chair, whose fine proportions of back and frame ask for some more interesting arms than these starved curves, and some better support for them than the dull ingenuity of these uprights with their openwork. The fringe of the velvet is a fashion of the days when Queen Anne was still living and dining, and in this faded velvet seat Mrs. Freeman may have taken counsel with Mrs. Morley. At their worst these old chairs bring back to us pleasantly the old half-remembered days; but the people waiting to be born to take from us, when we shall be dead, even our arm-chairs, what remembrance of us will that people call up when its hand is upon such a chair as this of "antique carved oak." To



EARLY 19th CENTURY.

its shame the later Victorian age made this chair and its like. Consider it and the sham antiquity of the carving which crowds



ARM-CHAIR IN FRINGED VELVET.



AN ARM-CHAIR IN ANTIQUE CARVED OAK.

every inch of it, the carving familiar to us by reason of the "antique" hat-stand and the "antique" coal-scuttle. Regard the sham lettering, the "old English" lettering of the texts with which the vicar's lady, good soul, relieves the baldness of the thirteenth-century mouldings of her church. Mark the shield of arms with its armorial colours indicated by that dot and dash system, which, in the skilled hands of the copperplate engravers, has destroyed what freedom or grace remained in English armorial design. With our eyes upon the shameless sham of its carved date, let us be resolved that we of the Edwardian period will seat ourselves within the writhing arms of the arm-chair of the modern art, will endure discomfort and charges of little Englishness upon chairs of the dumped Austrian bentwood, rather than part our coat-tails and arrange our gowns over the seat of such another chair as this "handsome antique carved black oak" impostor.

H. B.

IN THE GARDEN.

WHITE AND LACED PINKS.

NO Pink and Carnation grower is better known in the world of flowers than Mr. James Douglas, the Edenside Nursery, Great Bookham, and in Carnation-time a visit to the pretty Surrey village is well repaid. Mr. Douglas has sent the writer of these notes some interesting information about the white and laced Pinks, which will doubtless be read with profit by readers of COUNTRY LIFE. "Half a century ago the garden Pink was one of the most popular flowers in the florist's calendar. In my early gardening days I was acquainted with many Pink fanciers, but the two most prominent were the late Mr. Charles Turner of Slough and the late Mr. John Keynes of Salisbury. Mr. Keynes was better known as a Dahlia-grower in the days when single-flowered Dahlias, if they happened to appear amongst the seedlings, were thrown on the rubbish-heap, and when the Cactus and Pompon Dahlias were unknown to cultivation. The self-coloured and the fancy Dahlias were greatly improved by Mr. Turner and Mr. Keynes, not to mention others. I remember Mr. Keynes stating at one of our meetings that he had known six Pink shows to be held in Salisbury in one year. There were many raisers of Pinks in those days, and nothing was thought of any value that was not perfectly laced. When Thomas Hogg of Paddington published his sixth edition of 'Florist's Flowers,' in 1839, he wrote a long article on the culture of the Pink. He was a celebrated florist in his time, but he states 'that I am neither gardener nor florist professionally, but that

I commenced the cultivation of flowers in the first instance with a view to amuse a depressed state of mind, and reinvigorate a still more sickly state of body.' In this he was entirely successful, as the fine flowers he exhibited and the excellent papers he wrote on his favourite flowers abundantly testify. Hogg gives a list of 154 varieties, after discarding the names of many of the older ones. These 154 varieties have the raisers' names attached, and these number 95. Think of it, 95 florists all in friendly rivalry, in endeavouring to improve the garden Pink, and all working to obtain one distinct form of it. This precious object had a pure white ground, a pink, red, or dark red centre, with a lacing near the margin of each petal of a similar colour. The old florists were most exacting in their tastes, and rigidly excluded all others. I raise a few hundred seedlings annually, and there may be three or four, or perhaps, if I am in luck, half-a-dozen, of these laced varieties amongst the remaining hundreds. There may be a score or more that have reverted to the single form, many more semi-double, and a great many very beautiful indeed as garden flowers. The seedlings flower so profusely, I have had 300 or more blooms on a single plant.

"*Sowing the Seed and Layering.*—To get good strong plants sow the seed in February or early in March. The seedlings appear in a week or so (the seeds, of course, sown in heat), and should be pricked out in boxes and gradually inured to the open air, to be planted out *ift.* apart in beds of rich soil about the last week in May or early in June. They are not expected to flower until the year following the sowing of the seed; and a selection can be made from them to be propagated and flowered the following season. There are no Pink shows now, nor a special National Pink society. In 1839 there were ninety-five raisers of Pinks known to me; there were six shows of Pinks in one year. What a fall is here! Even the Sweet Pea has a society all to itself. The Auricula, the Rose, the Carnation, the Dahlia, and the Chrysanthemum hold high festival through their special societies; but there seems no room for the Pink. I do not regret this, for it would be dragged from its quiet nook, where it is tended with loving hands. Choice specimens are culled and placed in glasses, and the perfume is always delicious. Carnations are sometimes sadly lacking in perfume, but never a Pink. For perfume the Carnation is not in it compared to the Pink, and it is also a more easily grown plant, preferring out-of-door culture to any treatment under glass. I have grown the Pink since I could cultivate anything, and would feel a great want if I had not a bed of Pinks to flower every year. No glass houses, frames, or even hand-lights are necessary; they can be propagated either by pipings or layerings, and this can be done a month earlier than in the case of Carnation layering. I believe, on the whole, it is better to propagate the stock of plants from layers. If from slips or pipings, these can be taken off in June, and they will form roots in a shady place out of doors, or, better still, in a hand-light. They may be planted out in beds of rich deep soil in September or in October. If in the bed in which they are to flower, they are put *ift.* apart; but it is better to plant the layers or pipings out about 4in. asunder until they have formed plenty of roots and have gained strength. Such plants may be put out in the open garden, where they are to flower, in October.

"*General Treatment.*—The treatment they require is much the same as that for Carnations, except that they may be planted much closer together. Some attention is required during the winter; the ground must be kept free from weeds, and the surface may be lightly stirred occasionally. If rabbits or hares get into the garden, almost the first plants they will visit are the Pinks and Carnations. Slugs and the leather-coated grub will also eat the leaves and sadly disfigure the plants. Wireworm is also destructive. The leather-coated grub also burrows in the soil, but, unlike the wireworm, which eats into the stem underground, it devours the leaves. Sometimes, owing to overfeeding, it will only remain at the base of the plant. When the Pinks have made some growth in April, it is a good plan to give a surface dressing of decayed stable manure, and when dry weather sets in water copiously once or twice a week. The quantity of water required, and the frequency of applying it, will depend greatly on the nature of the soil; if the soil is heavy, and water does not pass away freely, it might not be required often, perhaps not at all. On the other hand, if the soil is light over gravel the maximum of water may be needed. Neat sticks should be used to keep the flowers from the ground. Very little gardening skill is needed to grow Pinks. All that is necessary is good garden soil well stirred up before planting. The ground between the plants must be kept free from weeds. The layering may be done when the plants are in flower or afterwards; the slips are also in the best condition to take off when the plants are in flower. In dry seasons seed may be saved from plants in the open garden; but in wet and cold seasons it will not ripen even in the south of England. I cultivated the Pink for many years in Scotland, but was never able to save any seed there. The capsules should be dried, and the seed may be taken out in two weeks after gathering the former.

"I may add that one of the Pinks often enquired about is the mule Pink; one of the earliest, if not the earliest, hybrid raised in England was a mule Pink. We are indebted for it to an amateur of Hoxton, a Mr. Fairchild. This must have been raised about the middle of the seventeenth century, and I believe this worthy man must have instituted the first flower service, as he left a sum of money to the preacher of his parish that he might hold a flower service annually. I have been asked if this mule Pink is still in existence. I do not know, but I doubt it. I grow a pink named Napoleon III., which is evidently a cross between a Sweet William and a Pink, as was Fairchild's. The Carnation and Sweet William, as well as the Pink, have been cross-fertilised; they are of the same genera, but are distinct specifically.

"*Varieties.*—The best laced Pinks known to me at present are Amy, Bueno Retiro, Brackleen, Capo di Monti, Chantilly, Clara, Empress of India, Excellent, Godfrey, Harry Hooper, Lufra, Minerva, Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Welsh, Mrs. Waites, Morna, Old Chelsea, Reliance, Rainbow, Sarah, The Rector, Wedgwood, and Zurich.

"Of others than laced Pinks, the best are Albino, Anne Boleyn, Clove Pink, Her Majesty, Homer, Paddington, and Oriel."

RANDOM NOTES.

Prunus davidiana.—This is the first of the Prunuses to flower, and when the weather is mild it is in bloom even in January, but the position must be sheltered. It is several weeks earlier than any of its race, and is delightful

under glass, where the flowers can open without injury from frost or rain. The flowers are white, tinted with pink, and line the shoots of the previous year. There is a variety in cultivation called *rubra*, and, as the name suggests, the colour is red.

A Good Pea—Bountiful.—A well-known grower of Peas writes: "For the past few years our favourite Pea has been Bountiful, and though a round, blue-seeded variety, it is much superior to the small round white Peas often grown for the first crop. This variety, sown in January under glass, and planted out in early March, will give good pods late in May, and if sown in the open early in February matures early in June. It is rightly named

Bountiful. I first noticed it in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Chiswick in June, 1896, and it was given an award of merit. It is called a 3ft. to 4ft. variety, but with us rarely exceeds 3ft., and sown under glass is even shorter. The pods are long, slightly curved, of a rich dark green colour, large for an early Pea, and the flavour is first-rate. In heavy or wet soils it is not advisable to sow the marrow varieties too early. The seed at times germinates badly, and such varieties as Bountiful are more trustworthy for a first crop, and, being a distinct advance on the other round-seeded varieties, and having a larger pod with its heavy-cropping qualities, it is an acquisition."

ANIMAL PORTRAITURE.

THERE is a curious fancy common to most people—the desire to possess an inanimate likeness or representation of those to whom they are attached by ties of affection or respect, even though the living original is always accessible. Witness the family portrait album, or whatever form its modern equivalent may take. But the amateur who has gained a little skill in the employment of photography collects portraits of his friends and of his relatives, the latter probably members of the family whom he sees every day. But the taking of these portraits affords him first a cause for self-congratulation, and provides opportunity for strenuous endeavour, which is as essential to the man with a hobby as a coral is to a teething infant, and is apparently attended with a similar personal gratification. Nor is it strange that, with a love of animals inherent, as it is, in the normal human, the photographer should desire a representation of his horse or dog, albeit the creatures themselves may be visited at any hour of the day, or summoned to one's presence by a call. We need not pursue the quest as to whence came the sympathy between man and those beasts which his convenience has led him to domesticate. The fact remains that to many their favourite animals are all but human, and hence their



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A HIGHLAND BULL.

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portraits are a source of joy. Maybe the photographer, conscious of innumerable failures in his attempts to portray animals at close quarters, is inclined to give up trying, and may hence resent the advice to pause a moment and in the light of his other photographic experiences consider the cause of these many failures, and ascertain the conditions which might lead to success. As a matter of fact, there is no special requirement for successful achievement in this particular branch of photography, a statement which may be discouraging to him who supposed that the purchase of some new appliance or the use of some new

formula would prove the open sesame to this description of picture-making.

One asks me how to photograph clouds, or what camera is best for rapid plates, and another how to take a negative that lantern slides may be made from. There is nothing singular, special, or difficult in any such instances. In each case apparatus, materials, and principles are the same. In no branch of photography is there anything magical, or anything which the most average intellect cannot understand, if only one pauses to consider. In the most rapid of lenses, the most perfect of hand cameras, which may be almost automatic in action, there are no mysterious internal works performing inscrutable functions. Be it landscape or express trains, clouds, flowers, human



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

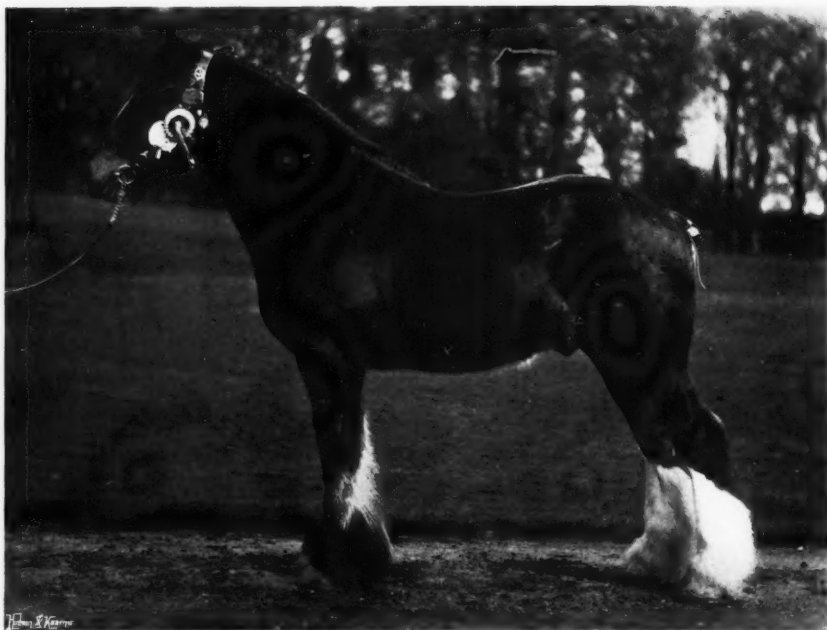
A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT.

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figures, animals at a distance or near at hand, it is just a case of sufficient light entering the lens to affect the sensitive plate on the one hand, and the management of the subject on the other. Practically the same apparatus will serve in all cases, or, at least, any special adaptability of the tools is not so important to success as a little thought on the part of the user. How is it, then, that many an amateur photographer, who can show you hundreds of fairly pleasing and, at least, quite recognisable views of places he has visited, and which had to be taken first time, yet so singularly fails in his attempts to portray his dumb friends, his familiarity with which, and their accessibility, would, one would have thought, have contributed to success?

To begin with, the inexperienced is apt to forget that the length of exposure necessary for near objects increases enormously the nearer they are, and it is, perhaps, in this respect that most mistakes are made. By a portrait of an animal is implied a representation in which the object occupies nearly the whole area of the picture, which may even contain the head and only a part of the body, or perhaps the head only, and thus involves the camera being very close to the model. The human eye is so utterly unable to gauge light intensities that it does not perceive that near objects do not reflect as much light as remote ones. Similarly a horse just inside a stable door, after a few moments, seems as clear and distinct to us as he would be outside in the yard, whereas in point of fact the light which illuminates him is not so bright by perhaps fifty times. So with your house dog, though he be placed on a chair near the window, the light inside the room is very far inferior to that out of doors.

You may remember "snap-shooting" in the summer part of the year, and your experience tells you that even then your exposures for similar subjects to those we are considering were none too long; and now that, owing to the time of year, you have diminished light, and as we have supposed an attempt is being made to photograph in a room or in a stable, the conclusion should be obvious. But a longer exposure, one of sufficient length (such as from 6sec. to 10sec.) is all but impracticable, on account of the lively nature of the subject, for you may command your dog to stand still or lay down, but you cannot prevent the twitching of an ear, the movement caused by breathing, or, perhaps, a loud-voiced enquiry as to what it is all about! With a human a short length of magnesium ribbon might be burnt as a supplementary light; but with all the high intelligence your dumb friends may possess, the glare of such unusual light will probably prove too much. Hence, then, unless an unusually propitious situation exists—something little short of a glass-roofed studio on a large scale—our portraits of animals must be made out of doors, and if a hand camera is being used the distance



R. Babbage.

A CHAMPION SHIRE.

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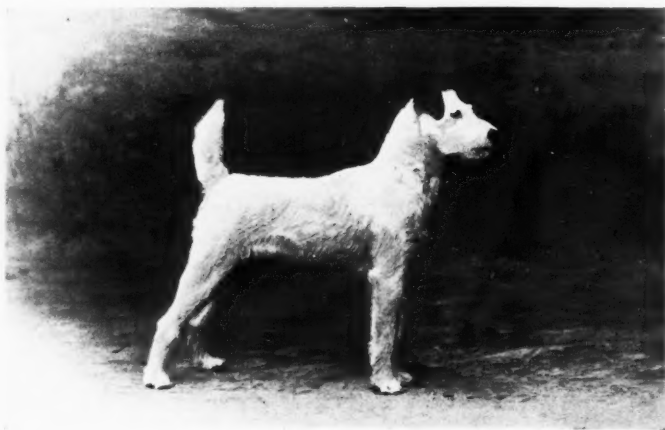
between it and the subject should be so carefully gauged that the largest "stop" of the lens may be used without the principal plane being out of focus.

With a camera used on a stand—and this will perhaps be the most satisfactory course to adopt—it will be well to place first some inanimate object in the precise situation your living model is to subsequently occupy, and focus and otherwise arrange with that, noting exactly how much comes within the field of the lens; then place the plate in position, set the shutter, introduce your model to the scene of action, and when the said model appears to be rightly placed, make the exposure. The set conditions—the light, the position, the plate, etc.—may be irreproachable, the exposure correct, and all the after manipulations satisfactorily performed, but remember there is the subject itself to be reckoned with—the expression of face, the poise of the head, the attitude altogether. Over these there is, practically, no control, and one is largely dependent

on accident or quick discrimination and judgment, and of all the qualities necessary to the animal photographer, patience is perhaps the chief.

Few, perhaps, realise when viewing a successful photograph of an animal, from how many exposures this one was selected, perhaps all the others being failures; nor need one feel humiliated, for be the photographer ever so skilful, and the appliances of the best, success depends on a but half-intelligent sitter, who by ever so small a movement at the moment of exposure may defeat the most competent endeavour. Yet are there some points for which the photographer is directly responsible, the neglect of which is no less fatal to a pleasing result than the untimely movement of the model. First, as to background and surroundings. It must be remembered that the photograph should not be required to do more than one thing at a time. If it is to be devoted to portraying your stable friend or the occupant of the kennel, then do not attempt to produce a picture of the paddock or the park on the same plate, but let the horse or the dog monopolise the plate, to the exclusion of all else, not necessarily filling the entire area of the plate with the figure of the animal, but by including no object, either large or small, which, on account of its tone, its strong light and shade contrasts, or its unusual shape, will attract the eye and disturb the attention.

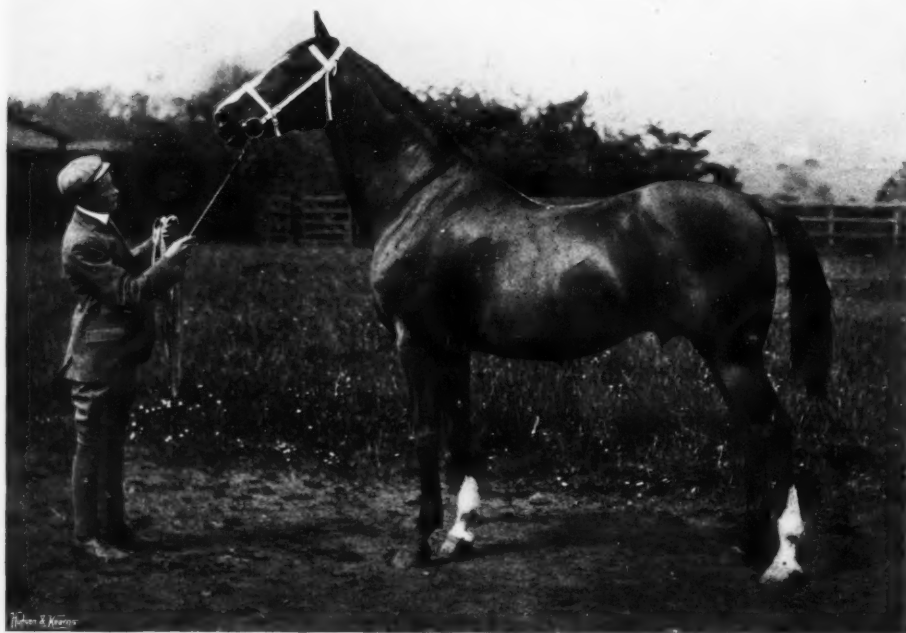
It is impossible to enumerate the objects which might be unintentionally included, and so disturb the harmony of the portrait; but suppose you have first focussed on some dummy, and having made all ready, you substitute your horse, placing him so that a plain stable wall forms the background.



T. Fall.

ON THE ALERT.

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C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

POSITION.

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Perhaps you have not noticed that leaning against that wall are a ladder and boards, and perhaps some tools and implements which, did you not guess their import, are ridiculous in the presence of what is intended as a serious piece of animal portraiture. We may suppose we are in a stable-yard, and perhaps just over the horse's back, hanging from a nail in the wall, are some unsightly utensils from the wash-house hard by. I might suggest a thousand such circumstances due to the accident of situation and place. In their reality they do not strike you as being out of place. You know the wash-house is near by, and you see indications that the ladder, etc., belong to workmen come to repair the stable roof; but your photograph contains none of these outside evidences, and the spectator wonders what these incongruous objects are doing. In short, your picture should include nothing that requires explanation or apology. This is of vastly greater importance than may at first appear, and the amateur animal photographer is advised to carefully isolate his model from inappropriate surroundings, which are sure to take the attention. Consider for a moment, that if an artist were drawing the portrait, he would complete the animal, and beyond a suggestion of the rest of the scene he would desist, and both from expediency and for saving of labour he would not put in things which were not essential to the picture. But as the photographer cannot leave off, or leave out, the scene itself must be so chosen, or the undesirable things must be actually removed, that there is nothing left which it were desirable to leave out.

Here let me give a note or two of warning. Your dog standing on the ground and looking up to you may seem a very fit subject for the camera, but so greatly do our mental impressions mislead the eye that a photograph of the dog in that position will show him curiously foreshortened; he must, therefore, be raised to the level of the camera, or the camera must be used very near the ground. Again, avoid an unsuitable setting for doggie's portrait, and do not stand a yard dog or a sporting dog on a cushion, or a table with an elaborate cloth cover; rather place him on bare boards, a stone wall, or some such simple support. Do not approach too near, or the body will be reproduced out of proportion; better let the animal's whole figure occupy less space on the plate and have the proportions right. Moreover, if there is space in the picture on either side, let there be more in front of the head than at the back, and either include ample foreground at the bottom, or cut off the superfluous sky area in the print. One reason why for photography of this class a stand camera is, perhaps, best is that on the focussing screen these points can be considered, undesirable objects included in the field of view may be sought for and then removed, the lens can be sharply focussed on the spot where the living model is shortly to be introduced, and, if the background be thrown very slightly out of focus, the chief object will be made to stand out in relief. Much of the advice as to making "At Home" portraits of one's friends given in these pages a few weeks ago will apply to the portraiture of our dumb friends. Thus, for instance, generally speaking, the model will appear best if placed at an angle of 45deg. to the camera—that is, neither directly sideways nor immediately



T. Fall.

AN INTELLIGENT SITTER.

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fronting it, and then a call, or a sudden slight noise at the moment of exposure, will get the head turned towards the camera. The mere fact of having attracted your sitter's attention will secure an interested and alert expression, and no one who loves animals will question that actual facial expression is as important as in a portrait of a human.

But here let it be said that if, with the desire to get as large a representation of the animal as possible, the camera is placed quite near, there will be an exaggeration of the head as compared with the other parts of the body, which may appear quite grotesque; hence, unless a very long focus lens is used, it were better to be content with a rather small image, without distortion or exaggeration, which, if sufficiently good, can be subsequently enlarged.

As regards subsequent operations it may be as well to caution the beginner against using too strong a developer. The exposure given will probably have been as brief as possible, erring, no doubt, on the side of under-exposure, hence the high lights will have a tendency to gather undue density before detail is brought out in the shadows. But a white horse or a white cow is not so very pure white after all, certainly not as dead white as a piece of pure white paper, and hence the white coat or markings on an animal should not be represented in the negative, as a portion so dense that it will only print white. To avoid this it will be well to make up any developer selected with, say, three times the quantity of water given in the printed formula, for should this ultimately prove to yield too flat and weak an image, it can easily be strengthened so as to build up contrast, or probably, being left longer in the developer, will give the density required. Any standard developer will, of course, serve, preference being given to the more energetic reagents, such as ro-linal, metol, metol and hydroquinone, edinol, etc. A good edinol formula for short exposures is as follows: Edinol, 45gr.; acetone sulphite, 140gr.; potassium carbonate, 1oz.; potassium bromide, 20gr.; water, 10oz. Or a good single solution metol developer is: Metol, 75gr.; sodium sulphite, 1½oz.; sodium carbonate (cryst.), 1¼oz.; potassium bromide, 8gr.; water, 20oz.

As a final word of advice, the beginner is urged not to be too easily satisfied. Do not be content with the first or second negative of any given subject and "make the best of it," but persist, and repeat your endeavours, and compare the best result you get with the original. As the result of several days, one or two really fine portraits will give you more satisfaction and increase your reputation far more than a score of indifferent results. Moreover, the repeated trials will insensibly increase your skill, and have an educational value.

When abundance of daylight is available, one naturally chooses to employ a daylight-printing process, and hence it is only for a limited portion of the year that the amateur uses bromide paper, with the consequence that he rarely becomes so proficient in its use as to be sure of uniform results, and probably overdone prints will predominate over the under-developed. Here are two formulæ by means of which the over-printed or over-developed bromide can be safely reduced in intensity. If the print has been dried, soak it in water for a few seconds, and then immerse it in water, 10oz.; hyposulphite of soda, 1oz.; red prussiate of potash, from 100gr. to 150gr. When the required amount of reduction has been reached, wash thoroughly in running water. Occasionally the above method stains the paper, and should this difficulty arise, the following is an alternative method: Saturated solution of potassium cyanide, 30 drops; saturated solution of iodine in alcohol, 20 drops; water, 1oz. This reducer acts rapidly, and hence should be flowed over the wet print in an even, continuous wave. The strength given above is not excessive, and should have the action moderately under control; but the addition of more water would still further retard its action.

Simple as it may seem, the drying of a negative during the winter months presents many difficulties, and slow or uneven drying is to be feared almost before anything, the marks left by unequal drying being ineffaceable. Perhaps the quickest way to dry negatives with a minimum of risk is to first place them between clean blotting-paper, and remove all surface water, the plates to be then immersed in a tray of methylated spirit, and after five minutes removed and again blotted with clean blotting-paper of a kind free from fluff. The negative may now be held at a distance of about 2ft. from a fire and fanned vigorously. The film will be dry in about two minutes.

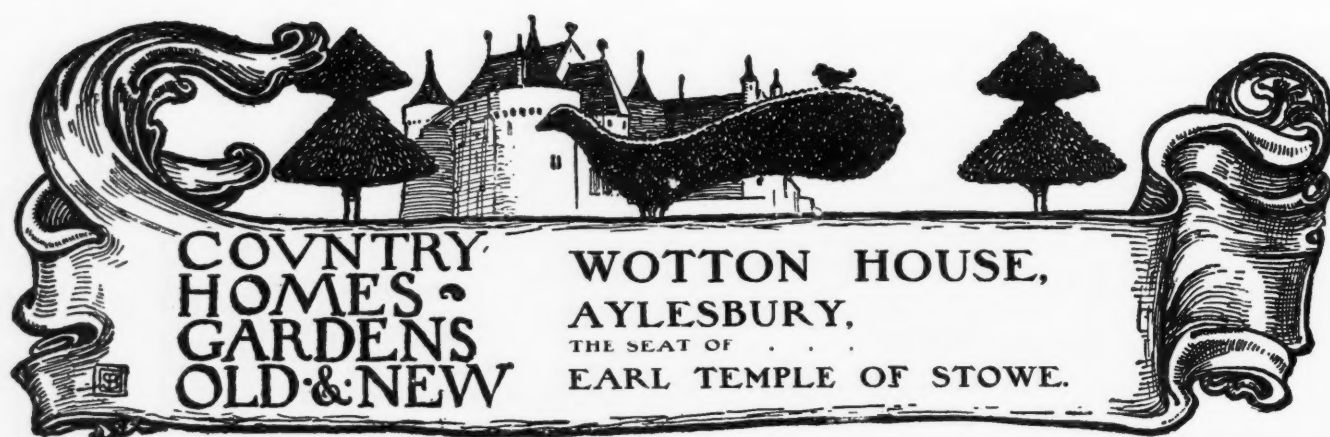
A. HORSLEY HINTON



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

EXPRESSION.

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THE interesting house and beautiful garden which are the subject of our pictures are in the county of Buckingham, about halfway between Aylesbury and the Oxfordshire border. Hearne, who journeyed through Wotton in 1716, just after the house had been completed, remarked that it was badly situated, "but as well as could be in such a place." This grudging praise would seem, in these times, rank injustice when applied to so pleasing a location. There is nothing imposing or grand in the character of the surroundings, it is true, but those who know the pastoral delights and the woodland beauties of the neighbourhood of Aylesbury will understand what are the charms of a great demesne that has been valued and improved by many possessors, distinguished for learning, judgment, and good taste.

The place belonged anciently to that great landowner Walter Giffard, but in early times came to the important family of Grenville, which had a seat here, in the parish of Wotton-Underwood, in mediæval times. As sheriffs and knights of the shire the Grenvilles were important men, and grew in succeeding centuries to greater consequence amongst their neighbours.

The new and classic house at Wotton was begun in 1704, and completed ten years later, by Richard Grenville, Esq., sheriff of Bucks in 1671, who married the heiress of Sir Richard Temple of Stowe, a lady who afterwards became co-heiress of her brother Richard, Viscount Cobham, and succeeded him as Viscountess Cobham in September, 1749, being created Countess Temple in the following month. Her son, Richard Grenville, Lord Temple, was the well-known politician, sneered at by Walpole, and gibbeted by Macaulay—who says it was his nature to grub underground, and "whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul, crooked labyrinth below"—but who, nevertheless, was generous, liberal, and dear to many friends. He was also a man of some taste and judgment in matters of art, and his interest in Wotton added much to the attractions of the house.

The new edifice stood on a site a little higher than its early predecessor, and somewhat to the north-west. It was a spacious, stately, and formal building of red brick, with stone pilasters dividing the wall spaces, and rising to a stone cornice. A flight of steps led up to the principal entrance, and there were





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE COVERED SEAT.



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THE BEND OF THE RAIL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IN SHARP PERSPECTIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE KITCHEN AND THE CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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UNDER A YEW TREE.

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THE NORTH CORNER WITH KITCHEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE FISH-POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

two square wings, connected with the central structure by semi-circular colonnades, of which one contained the kitchen and offices, and the other the stables. The mansion was adorned in the style of the time, and for three years Sir James Thornhill resided at Wotton, employed in painting the staircase and saloon, and "engaged at a salary of £1,000 per annum, and his board." The drawing-room and other apartments are said to have been enriched with the work of Grinling Gibbons, whose admirable skill excited admiration by "giving to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers." We have said enough to show what was the character of Wotton House, and so we may picture it, standing amid its beautiful surroundings, in the possession of many great men, Earls Temple, Marquesses of Buckingham, and Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos.

The sad misfortune came to Wotton House in 1820—when it was a seat of the nobleman raised two years later to the dukedom—which we sometimes fear must come, sooner or later, to all our old houses. It would be a dismal prognostication that they should all perish by fire, and we will hope that the splendid survivors of the great fraternity of ancient mansions may long be spared. The mural and ceiling paintings of Thornhill, the splendid carvings of Gibbons, and many other things that were beautiful, were destroyed. Thus does the county historian tell the tale: "These, with the house itself, its costly furniture, pictures, and contents of the library, were doomed to destruction by an accidental fire, which broke out in the night of the 29th October, and raged with so much violence that the Earl and Countess Temple, their infant daughter, the domestics, and a visitor by whom the conflagration was first discovered, escaped not without difficulty. The building (excepting the wings) was completely destroyed in a few hours." The mansion was subsequently rebuilt, not, however, with all the old dignity nor improved in appearance, but abridged of some of its rooms. In relation to the descent of the property, it may be enough to say that, upon the death of the third Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, it passed, like the earldom of Temple of Stowe, to his nephew, father of the present peer.

During all the changes that came over the place, nothing but good has come to its gardens. These had been formed on the south and west of the mansion, were varied with plantations, and included a lake of 50 acres or 60 acres, which has since been enlarged to about 250 acres, while the 2,000 acres of the park have grown in beauty, owing to the deep soil favouring the splendour of the woodland. The forest trees were then, and are now, of immense growth and great beauty. Lipscombe, in his "Buckinghamshire," speaks of a mighty monarch oak, 24ft. or 25ft. in girth, which overspread a circular area of 50yds. diameter. The fertility and verdure of the park and gardens are wonderful, and therein all things flourish. Strutt, who figures the grand old tree in one of his splendid etchings, was a careful observer, and said the girth of 25ft. was measured 1ft. above the ground, and that the trunk, at 12ft. from the ground, divided into four large limbs, of which the principal one was 12ft. in circumference.



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WOTTON HOUSE—EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE STABLES, THE HOUSE, AND THE KITCHEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

INSIDE THE GATEWAYS.



"Hail, old patrician trees!" we may exclaim with Cowley, when we enter the twilight groves and brown shadows of sylvan Wotton. Something of the magnificence of the trees is seen in our pictures. Standing at the entrance, a romantic and beautiful view is gained of fair avenues, woodland vistas, and water. Charming are the effects that arise from the rich, warm red of the brickwork, relieved by the grey stone, and contrasted with the deep and peaceful green. The garden architect has done admirable things at Wotton. The enclosure of the forecourt by the magnificent iron grille, with a bold curve towards the wings, and the grand panelled urn-crowned gate-posts, is quite masterful in its character. The craftsman in metals is the trusty servant of him whom old Evelyn would have called the "hortulan"



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ON THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

designer, and at Wotton he has fashioned wonderful things. The dispositions and character of the great grille have a dignity befitting the place, and there is a richness of detail that is both good and charming. Quite delightful, again, as an example of hammered iron, is the gate to the kitchen garden, and the same delicacy and skill are found elsewhere.

Simplicity is the charm of peaceful Wotton. The quiet and ordered dignity of the house, the charm of the smooth-shaven lawn, the striking features of the tall posts and the noble railing, give the note of distinction. There is a

wealth of flower beauty also, but all seems subjected to the broad effect we have indicated. The gardens at Stowe were more famous, but they can scarcely have had all the sequestered calm that belongs to Wotton. They had been laid out in 1714



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THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by Bridgman for Lord Cobham, but the Stowe garden is said to have become a practical pun upon the name of its owner, Lord Temple, for temples were abundant there, dedicated to every possible deity and virtue. No such reproach can be made to the Wotton gardens and park, in which Nature, directed by art, has her own way without disfigurement. By the large lake there are landscapes of surpassing loveliness, with combinations of wood, water, and meadow not easily surpassed. Take it for all in all, Wotton is certainly both a very interesting and a very attractive place.

SALMON MIGRATION.

WE are indebted to anyone who gives us, or attempts to give us, any well-considered views of the life history of the salmon. The more observations we have on the subject the better. It is only by considering the different results arrived at by different observers that any real explanation of the uncertainties that still remain with regard to the life history of the salmon can be found. We are, therefore, much indebted to Mr. Hutchinson for putting forward the theory of salmon migration which, whether it is his own or Sir Spencer Walpole's, is of interest, and raises considerations well worth careful study.

The theory, however, appears to start with an initial mistake; it assumes three things, all of which are opposed to observed facts: 1. That the salmon was in its origin a fresh-water and not a marine form. 2. That the spawning beds of the salmon were never nearer to the sea than they are now. 3. That the salmon to-day get to the sea sooner than the salmon of yesterday.

1. That the salmon is not originally a fresh-water but a marine form is the opinion of most eminent ichthyologists. Two may be cited. Day points out (a) that the fresh water could never have supplied the food; (b) that the salmonidae have caecal appendages, which point to a marine ancestry; (c) that salmon always deteriorate in fresh water. Smith points out (a) that all the fossil forms are marine; (b) that the sea-going forms degenerate in fresh water and approximate to the fresh-water forms; (c) that the salmon is only one of several marine fish which spawn in fresh water. These authorities may be wrong, but a theory does not gain in force because it is based on disputed assertions.

2. The spawning beds of the salmon were never nearer to the sea than now. This statement must be drawn from some particular river, or else be purely theoretical. One of the great causes for the decline of salmon in England and Wales is the increased distance the fish have to ascend before they reach any spawning ground. This cutting off the spawning grounds has destroyed the Thames as a salmon river. In living memory salmon on the Severn used to spawn within twenty miles of the tideway; now on the main river there is no spawning ground within fifty miles of it. Other instances could be given from other rivers, such as the Trent: in fact, it may be said that the deterioration of the salmon-fishing began with the destruction of the lower spawning beds, and the higher the fish have to ascend to spawn the worse from a salmon point of view the river becomes.

3. Nor is the third point universally true—that the salmon of o-day get to the sea a great deal sooner than the salmon of yesterday. In various rivers—the Severn is a notable instance—the tide used to run up much higher than it does now. The estuaries are gradually silting up, and artificial works serve to keep back the tide. If one can judge from geological evidence, the rivers were at an early period tidal for a far greater length of their course than now. A salmon would find spawning grounds at once on leaving the tideway, and would meet with the

tide almost at once on the return migration, not having the long stretch of water he has now to pass through between the breeding ground and the sea. It may be said these are only the fringes of the theory, but if the theory starts on an inaccurate basis, even of fringe, its value is not increased.

The next point is an assumption that has really no more evidence to support it than the herring shoal theory at which Mr. Hutchinson scoffs, and rightly scoffs. Birds follow the paths of their remote ancestors; why should not fish do the same? If it could be shown that salmon went to a definite part of the sea; that they migrated there annually, arriving at a certain time of the year; that they left there at another time, migrating for breeding, and then returning to the place from which they departed, something might be said for the theory. But there is absolutely no evidence that the salmon go to any fixed place on entering the sea, and to say that they follow old tracks marked out on submerged river courses, is a statement that requires some proof. Whither, it may be asked, do these paths lead?

Mr. Hutchinson again assumes as established that anadromous fish find their way back to their natal streams. This used to be the universally accepted view, but the observations of recent years throw considerable doubt upon it. That some

return may be admitted, but that a very large percentage return is very doubtful. But as Mr. Hutchinson's theory is based on the return of the fish to their natal rivers, he must prove the fact before he can establish his theory. This remains to be done.

Again, Mr. Hutchinson says that size in salmon does not become evident until after the smolt stage. Surely he must have overlooked the fact that the variation in size in yearling salmon fry is very great. That it depends to some extent on food may be admitted, but it depends on other considerations, such as the date of hatching, and the size of the parent fish. There is every bit as much variation in the size of descending smolts from the same river as there is in the size of ascending fish. Grilse vary equally with smolts. To try and argue that the large fish all come from one river and return to it again, is a statement any fisherman on the river would only smile at.

The theory that the fish from each river go to one feeding ground has again no evidence to support it, and is opposed to what little we know of the habits of salmon in the sea. Salmon taken at sea have nothing to show that presumably they come from any particular river, but are of all ages and sizes, and from all streams. To assume that certain spots are appropriated to the salmon from certain rivers, and to these only, is a very large order. As to the argument

from the fact that on different rivers different flies kill best, this again is very inconclusive. Mr. Hutchinson must prove, before it can be accepted, (a) on what the salmon feed in the sea; (b) that whatever it may be, certain salmon feed more on one kind of food than others; and (c) that the salmon fly resembles the kind of food of which the salmon of a particular river are most fond. How is it that in some states of the weather, and in some states of the water, one kind of fly kills so much better than another? How does Mr. Hutchinson explain that if you miss a rising fish with one sized fly, he will usually rise better to a smaller-sized fly next time than to the same fly. One day a salmon will rise to a fly which the next day he will not look at. How is it that on all rivers, given the right water, a worm is the most deadly salmon bait? Mr. Hutchinson's argument as to the New Zealand rivers will hardly bear examination. The number of fish that there go down to the sea can be counted in hundreds. It is fair to assume that the enemies of the salmon are as numerous in the south as in the north seas, and if that is so, would even the most sanguine fishculturist expect to see any return from a few fish? In our rivers the numbers that return are probably not above 5 per 10,000. Apply those numbers to New Zealand, and the odds



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GATE OF THE KITCHEN GARDEN. "C.L."

Wotton House.

against any salmon returning are so enormous that we need not adopt the lost theory. Lost the salmon doubtless are, but it is in the stomach of some voracious fish. The rainbow trout argument may be met with the "fontinalis" argument that if you put a char into a shallow river he will not stay. We do not know that our rivers are suited to rainbow. We may assume they are not, as they will always escape if they can.

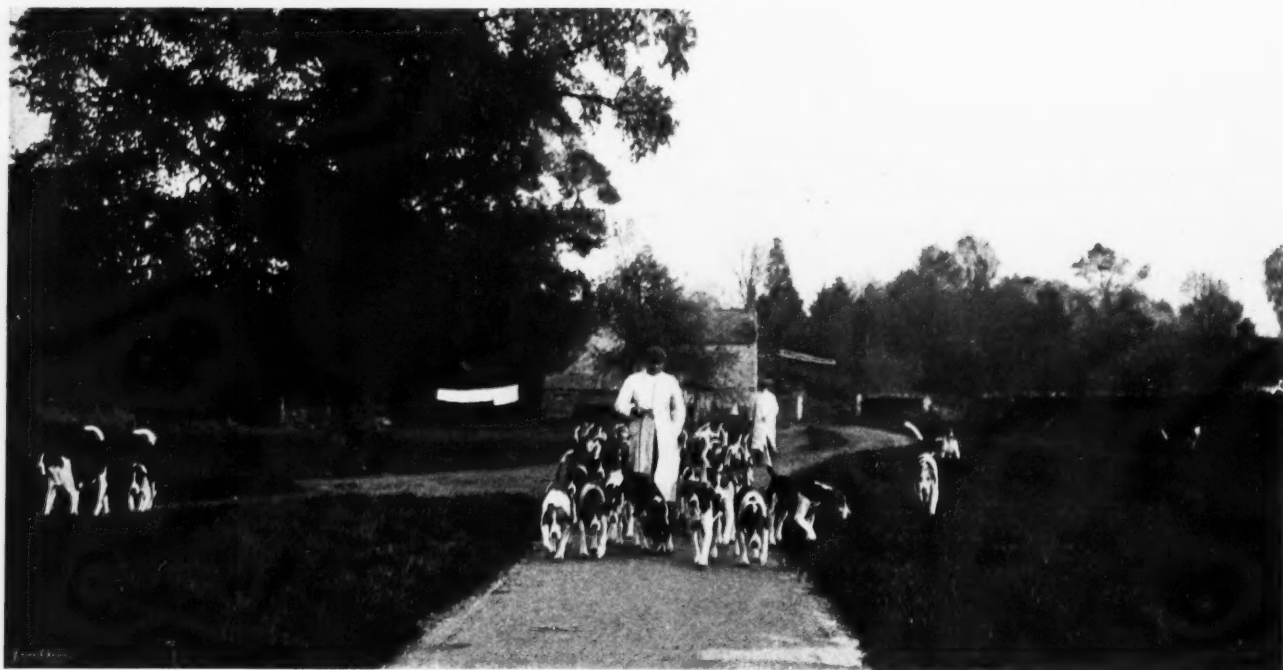
Ingenious as the hypothesis Mr. Hutchinson advocates is, and plausible as it seems at first sight, it will not bear investigation. All the points on which it rests are controverted. It is not admitted that the salmon is in its origin a fresh-water form. It is more and more doubtful, in the light of extended observation, if the idea is correct that the proportion of salmon which return to their natal streams is overwhelming. It is not established that the typical size of salmon in some rivers differs from that in others beyond this—that the larger the river, if there is a fair stock of fish, the larger the average size of the fish. The food theory is ingenious, but no more can be said for it.

Against this theory two facts are well deserving of consideration. Salmon certainly follow defined paths, but

salmon desert those paths and take to others without any apparent reason. A stream that used to be one of the best breeding tributaries of the Severn has become deserted by salmon. A channel in the estuary up which fish always went has become deserted. These are only slight instances in a restricted area, but they would go to show that the fish do not blindly follow the same routes their ancestors did. Size of fish is dependent on the fishing that takes place. If the river is too much fished the size decreases, because the large fish get netted out, and the stock is replenished from smaller fish. The size of English and Welsh salmon is decreasing because a number—an increasing number—of the salmon are bred from small and immature fish. The size of the fish depends on the size of the parent, and there is deterioration in salmon as there is in humans.

While, therefore, we welcome Mr. Hutchinson's theory as a contribution towards our ideas on the life history of the salmon, it does not appear to give a satisfactory solution to any of the points that require to be cleared up. Ingenious it certainly is, but it falls under that large class of "fond things of vain imagining for which there is no certain warrant" in Nature. J. W. WILLIS BUND.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.



W. A. Rouch.

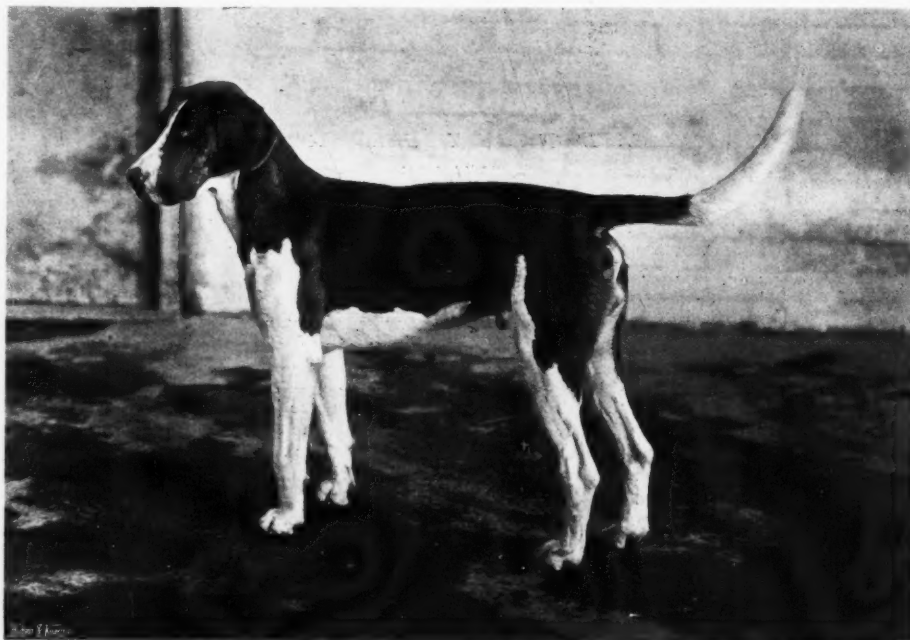
AN OFF DAY.

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THE Warwickshire hounds stand quite by themselves among the foxhound packs of England. They are hounds of a character so marked that a judge of hounds could hardly mistake a Warwickshire dog hound, wherever he saw him, for one from any other kennel. There are three ways in which a first-class pack may be bred. Some famous pack may be chosen, and its blood grafted on that of the best workers in the existing kennel. Every three generations or so the breeder may go back to the chosen strains of the sort to which he wishes to assimilate his pack. Such packs are the Grafton and the Cottes-

more, for example, both of which return to the great Belvoir lines, chiefly to the Gambier branch of the Weathergaze strain, and so back to Rallywood, Furrier, and the Badminton Champion and Topper more than a hundred years ago.

Again, hounds may be bought from various kennels, and by strict drafting and judicious crossing a pack may be formed to show great sport, as, for example, the famous North Cotswold bitch pack of to-day. Then there is the plan the late Lord Willoughby de Broke followed, and the results of which our readers can, with the help of the excellent photographs illustrating this article, estimate for



W. A. Rouch.

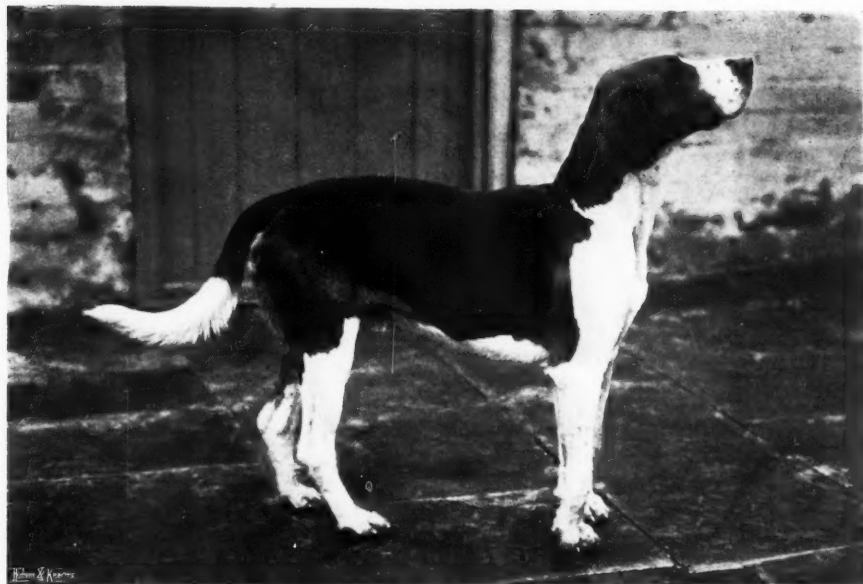
TROJAN.

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themselves. The root idea of this was to breed a pack for his country. Lord Willoughby was a man with a great capacity for taking pains in whatever he undertook. He succeeded, as perhaps no other man of his time could have done, in creating a Warwickshire type. This may be seen by studying the portrait given here of Trojan.

But perhaps I can best make his success clear by pointing out the fact that, while in 1877, out of twenty couple and a-half put forward, not more than four and a-half were by Warwickshire sires, I have before me the kennel list of 1902, in which out of more than fifty couple now in kennel, no more than three couple are by sires not bred at Kington.

The foundation stock of the present pack was Belvoir, Brocklesby, and Quorn; but the first great step was in 1877, when the famous Coventry Rambler—Charity family were born. Ransom, Rival, Rosy, and Ricon were the four hounds which were the making of the pack, and from them are sprung most of the Peterborough prize-winners that



W. A. Rouch.

PEDLAR.

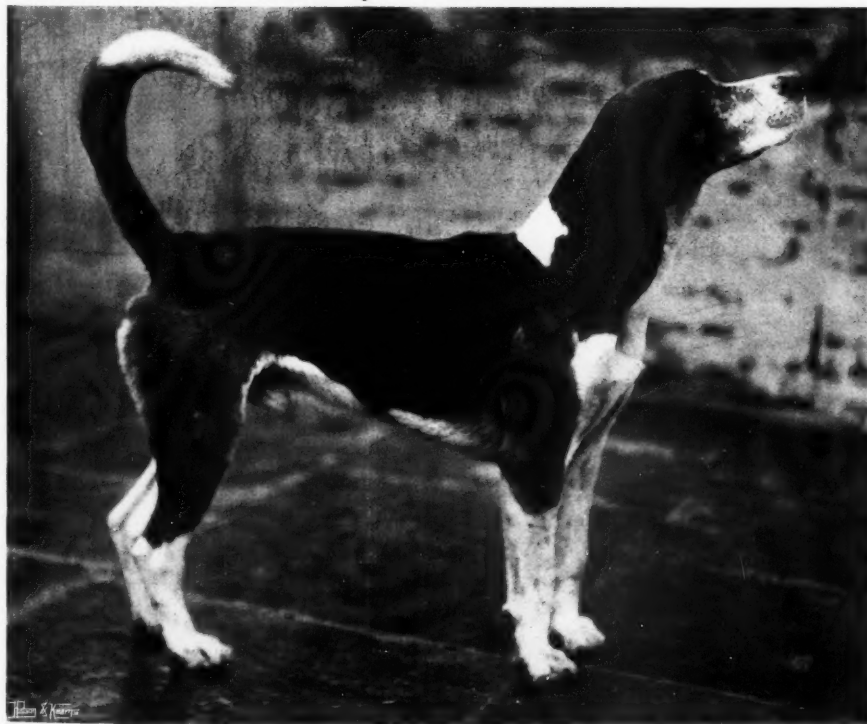
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THREE AND A-HALF COUPLE OF FAVOURITES.

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SAMPSON.

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make other exhibitors always anxious to see what Jack Brown has brought with him.

It would, indeed, carry this article far beyond due limits of space if I were to dwell on the triumphs of the Warwickshire kennels at Peterborough. Nor, indeed, could any written words give as much information as a study of Pedlar, winner of the champion cup at Peterborough, as well as of a special prize for the best unentered hound. Straight as a die, with a back like a weight-carrying hunter, with the length and liberty of a race-horse, and with what I can only call Warwickshire shoulders and neck, Pedlar is as wonderful a hound in make as he is resolute in his work. The late Lord Willoughby used to say that shoulders in a horse were a luxury for the wealthy, but they were always treated as a necessity for a hound if he was to stay in the Warwickshire kennel. It is not necessary to dwell on the masculine and hound-like character of the head; that is sufficiently plain, even to the casual observer, and the family likeness of the pack is well shown in the three couple of favourites combining beauty and intelligence that face us in the picture that follows.

To turn back again to typical hounds, I would ask the reader to look at Sampson, whose sons and daughters have won prizes in several puppy shows,



W. A. Rouch.

THE MASTER INSPECTING THE BITCH PACK.

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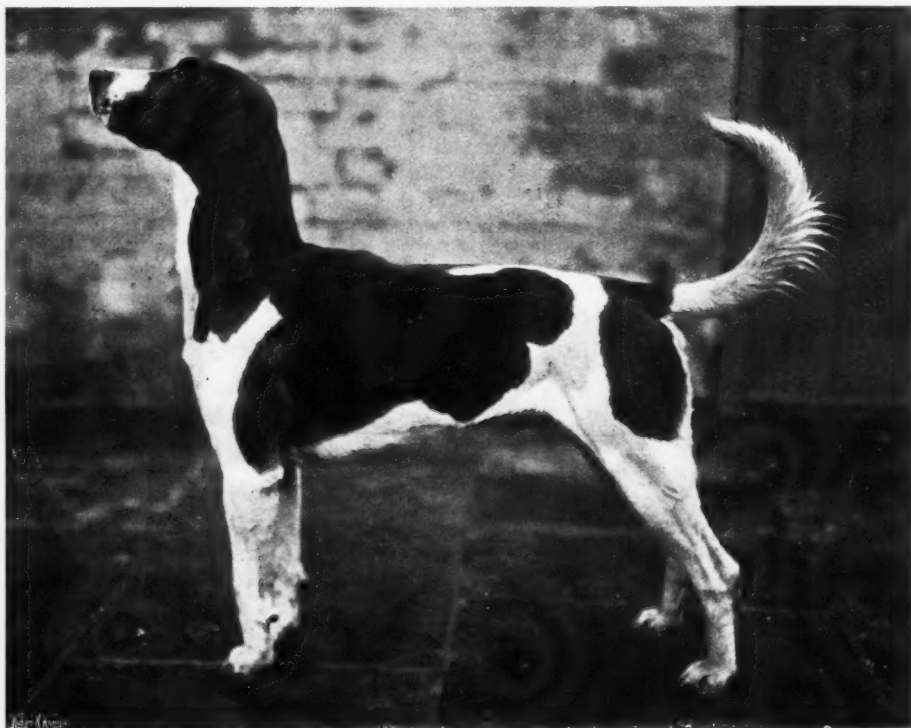
notably at Mr. Charles McNeill's, and before judges of such undoubted qualifications as Mr. Arkwright and Charles Travers.

Many packs, however, can pick out individual hounds of beauty and excellence, but only a few can show packs such as the bitches grouped round the Master—the present Lord Willoughby—in the kennels. Passing over for a moment their many qualities, one may note their look of power arising from the bone and substance which they (equally with their big brothers) inherit from a long line of ancestors, going back, indeed, to the famous Beaufort Justice. Again we see the family likeness and the alertness and intelligence of the foxhound in the charming pictures of the dog pack.

It may be true, as our grandfathers were wont to say, that Warwickshire is the third best hunting country in England, though, possibly, its scenting qualities might win for it even a higher place. Certain it is that hounds can run well here when they cannot do much in other grass countries. Yet I am sometimes tempted to ask, as I look at these hounds and study their powerful frames, their wise hound-like heads, somewhat larger than is quite fashionable elsewhere, but with all the more room for brains, whether, after all, the hounds are not the reason why sport in Warwickshire is, on an average, so good, and scent is found to be so serving. It has been suggested lately that while the golden age of fox-hunting will be considered to have been for the rest of the grass countries

about the middle of the last century, that of the Warwickshire will date from the days of Lord Willoughby de Broke and his kennel huntsman Boore, now carrying the horn with Lord Rothschild's pack of staghounds in the Vale of Aylesbury.

No one who has ever seen the late Lord Willoughby on the grey horse, with his whole heart in the sport, cheering on the pack, of which every hound was his own breeding, and every one had been entered under his own eye, will ever forget the stirring sight. I well remember once seeing these hounds on a cold line, or it might have been on a bad scenting day. With what resolution they sought for every particle of scent! How eagerly they whimpered as they touched the faint line, as though to say, "I would speak if I could; I know he's been here, but I cannot swear to it, and I never told a lie yet"! Lord Willoughby de Broke loved a handsome pack; he achieved one, but



W. A. Rouch.

TRAVELLER.

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nothing would induce him to breed from a hound which had any fault, was mute, or slack in its work. It used to be said when Warwickshire Harper and Hermit were rather popular with other kennels, that the Warwickshire were rather inclined to be silent. It was not so at home, and before we accuse any pack of silence we ought to be quite sure that we were near enough to hear them if they spoke. Bitches are now, as they always have been, light of tongue, and a fast pack may go singing along in the most charming manner and yet not be heard half a mile away, or even less. We may love music in a pack, and yet not quite take for gospel all we read on the subject. At all events, I believe that with the Warwickshire, as with other famous packs, it is the fact that they are more, not less, musical than they were. In all matters pertaining to hunting it is the fashion nowadays to proclaim the virtues of the past generation, but it is exceedingly difficult to justify such sentiments.



W. A. Rouch.

THE DOG PACK.

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FROM THE FARMS.



THE LATEST ROTARY DIGGER.

POTATO DIGGERS.

QUITE one of the most characteristic sights of South Lincolnshire is the harvesting of the potato crop, the onus of the work falling upon the "tater-pickers," who cover their heads with queer old vari-coloured hoods. And these women, unlike the generality of female workers, form a most independent class, as the growers have excellent reason to know. Long, long ago the pickers insisted upon being driven to and from the fields, and the farmers, with great good nature, perhaps with a

was arranged by a wide-awake farmer, so as to ensure a minimum amount of talk and a maximum of work. The actual process of "lifting" the potatoes is no longer a man-with-a-fork-and-basket business, for during the past few years some highly ingenious machines have been the outcome of the farmer's very natural desire for labour-saving implements. Among the implements that are coming into more general use are the rotary diggers. These machines, by means of a share, cut under the ridges, and then through the action of a revolving forked wheel the potatoes are thrown against a canvas or rope screen. By the use of this

screen the tubers are left in an irregular line down the length of the field, thus simplifying the pickers' work very considerably. In the older machines of this class the rotary wheel is apt to collect the potato "tops," but this difficulty has been overcome by making the digging tines turn partially round after each has come through the ridge, and so the foliage is neatly slipped off. The cost of such machines varies from £15 to about £17. But the machine that the farmers are really waiting for is one that will perform the double operation of digging and gathering, and for £50 such a machine can be had. Attached to an ordinary rotary digger, the machine receives the tubers on an elevator, which carries them to a second elevator having wide divisions; they are then dropped on to a riddle, and finally into a basket, this being emptied by hand as occasion requires. It is said that this machine can be worked at a cost of 13s. 6d. an acre, but as yet few farmers have seen fit to make use of its genuine ingenuity.

Really the greatest ingenuity of all seems to be displayed

in the planting or "setting" machines, some of which will be in operation within two or three months at most. The implement I have in my mind's eye has two hoppers or boxes, into which the "tates" are thrown. Working into each of these boxes is a steel disc, around the rim of which are fixed eight separate pairs of "fingers." As the disc revolves the tubers are picked out of the box with a "finger and thumb" action and neatly dropped into the ridges at a regular distance.



THE POTATO-FIELD.

view to attracting a show-loving sex, now seem to vie with one another as to who shall provide the best-looking horses and the smartest turn-out. Within quite recent years the pickers have succeeded in doubling the farmer's labour bill, and a picker's child now receives the wage of fifteenpence to eighteenpence a day, which is the amount that was once considered ample remuneration for herself. Great gossips are these peasant-folk, and their relative position in the field, as seen in the photograph,

Down in Lincolnshire the boom is as the booming of great guns. Single tubers of Eldorado are being bought for £10; and I was informed by letter one day last week that for a little lot of particularly fine specimens of this variety £500 was being asked! And before you declare this to be out of the range of practical potato buying, recall the fact that the value of a seed tuber depends upon the number of "eyes," as each of these can be cut out and planted as a separate "set," and that these, after sprouting, can also be divided, and so it may become quite possible to pay an apparently "impossible" price and still make money on the deal. As to what can possibly be done in a small way I will give one striking illustration. A City friend of mine—an engineer—has been buying a few pounds of Northern Star at 3s. 6d. a time, and is planting them, eye by eye, in his garden. He calculates that each pound will cost him about 5s. to cultivate, and that the price of "Stars" in the coming autumn will not be less than a shilling; and should this prove to be the case, he declares that he will make a profit of £8 10s. on every original pound that he bought! It is not every City man, however, who can thus count his potatoes before they are grown, for my friend thoroughly understands what he is about, as he has been in the "trade," and, moreover, has relations still in the business in London. But suburbanites generally will do well to restrain their, at the moment, most natural desire to dig up the lawn, as on reflection it will occur to them that they have but a dining acquaintance of the possibilities for evil possessed by the potato.

CROSS-BRED DAIRY COWS.

Much may be said for the suggestion made by Mr. Craig to the West of Scotland Agricultural Discussion Society. He had the boldness to tell West Country farmers in their own district that the Ayrshire, as a dairy cow, ought to be superseded. He might have gone further and said that the Ayrshire has entirely gone out of fashion within the last few years. The breed is scarcely represented at the Dairy Show and other chief exhibitions where it once held a very prominent place. Nor is the reason very far to seek. The Ayrshire gives a large quantity of milk, but it is not of a quality that meets the requirements of the Board of Agriculture. On the other hand, the complaint made against the Jersey cow by practical farmers is that, though its butter ratio is very high, its yield of milk is so small as to make it unprofitable for ordinary dairy-work. Mr. Craig's suggestion is that a cross between these two would probably give an ideal dairy cow; that is to say, by attention to breeding it would be possible to obtain quantity from the Ayrshire strain and quality from the Jersey strain. The two breeds are not altogether unlike one another in conformation, and they had a very similar history as peasants' cows, so that the suggestion appears to be an eminently practical and workable one.

DAIRY COWS.

Dairy farmers are complaining very much of the difficulty of dealing with their cows just now. During the long wet summer the poor animals were so drenched and starved outside, that the effect on their constitutions has been severely felt, and now that they are being fed and milked inside it is extremely difficult to get them into condition. The yield of milk falls away, and no amount of feeding seems to have the power to give back strength to the cows or cause the pail to be filled. Even those that have newly calved have not the sustenance for their offspring that they have in an ordinary year, and it is evident that a long time will have to elapse before dairy cows recover from the injury to their constitutions caused by the inclement year that now has passed away. It is to be fervently hoped that some improvement in the weather will be felt during the present year.

DOGS WORRYING SHEEP.

About this time of the year, when the lambing season has already begun with the early breeds, and soon will be in full swing over the southern part of England, the dog problem is a very real one to farmers, because one of those brutes that have taken to worrying sheep may in the course of a short time do damage that is practically irreparable. It is well known that collies are the worst offenders; their propensity to chase sheep which has been kept in check by the shepherd, and made subservient to their usefulness, will occasionally, in some cases, break out at night, and when this is so there is no cure

except the shot-gun or the horse-pond. They become so cunning, too, that they go out only at night, and it is very difficult indeed to lay hands on them. Whoever has watched for the coming of one of these animals is aware that it is as ticklish a matter as it is to get a shot at a tiger. Therefore, the suggestion made at Newcastle last Saturday by the Earl of Onslow deserves consideration. It is that, after dusk, every man's hand should be against the stray dog, and Parliament should afford protection for killing at sight. In that case the dog-owners ought to have full warning, so that, at any rate during the lambing season, they may have an opportunity of fastening their dogs up before darkness falls. It is of little use trying to shut the door after the horse is stolen, or to punish the dog after the sheep are worried, but a strong measure like this might have the effect of preventing mischief. The late Lord Stanley of Alderley, who once brought this subject up before the House of Lords, would have been extremely glad to welcome Lord Onslow's admirable suggestion.

A NEW BULB FROM RHODESIA.

THE Cape has always been known as being very prolific in all kinds of bulbs. It is only necessary to mention such plants as the arum lily, both white and yellow, the crinum, gladiolus, freesia, amaryllis, the African bulb *Gloriosa superba*, *Watsonia*, *ixia*, *sparaxis*, and many others. Further north, in the valley of the Zambesi, and in the country lying between this and Lake Tanganyika, a still greater variety is to be found, and amongst them many at present unknown to science. A doctor now in London, who has just travelled throughout this region, says that bulbs grow everywhere, even in the foundations of one's house, and many are of the most lovely hues and forms. Hitherto it has been practically almost impossible to transmit them to England, owing to the excessive length of time during which they have to remain in their packages, it being a common occurrence to find that they have started into growth during the journey, and, from want of light and nourishment, have perished *en route*. Now, however, that the Rhodesia railway has almost reached the Zambesi, it brings all the flora of that vast district, which is under the control of the British South Africa Company, within fairly easy reach of London, packages having arrived in less than four weeks.

About a year ago Mr. S. F. Townsend, the resident engineer of the railway company at Bulawayo, who represents Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., and Sir Douglas Fox and partners on the spot, transmitted to the writer four small bulbs, about the size of crocus roots, which he had succeeded in finding close to the great Victoria Falls, and the name of which was unknown. Immediately in front of the great fall, on the other side of the gorge, exists what Livingstone described as the "Rain Forest," so called on account of the fine vegetation at that particular place being in almost perpetual rain, the result of the great masses of spray thrown high into the air by the falls. These great columns of spray are regarded with awe by the natives, who associate the roar of the cascade with the idea that it is "smoke that sounds."

It is the vegetation of this forest that is being so carefully protected by the company's engineers from any injury due to the construction of the railway, so that not a single tree will be touched, and all the amenities of the falls will be jealously guarded. Mr. Townsend was wet through to the skin in securing these roots, and on their arrival in England it was a matter of some difficulty to assimilate the treatment to what they had been accustomed to in their native habitat. They were grown in a stove-house and kept syringed several times a day. In November and December they flowered, throwing up five spikes of bloom of a lovely yellow tint. One of these was sent to Kew, and Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer, after examining it, wrote: "It seems to us quite unique, and a brilliant discovery; it ought to be the starting point of a new race of garden gladioli." Later examination seemed to show that it is closely allied to *Gladiolus primulinus* (Baker); meanwhile, it has been named *Maid of the Mist* (Townsend). Mr. J. W. Barr of Surbiton came to see it



GLADIOLUS (MAID OF THE MIST).

in bloom, and expressed much interest in it, it being unlike anything he had previously seen. The remarkable feature about it is that it can grow and flower in such incessant rain; but the petals are so arranged as to form a kind of umbrella for the protection of the pistil and stamens. A drawing of the flower is appended.

ON THE GREEN.

JUST as the world is often said to know nothing of its greatest men, so too it is often wholly ignorant of great events happening in its midst. It is not everyone, even among golfers, who is aware that for more than a month a terrific competition has been in progress, instituted by Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, and Anderson, the people who make everything that has india-rubber in it, and a few other things besides, in St. Paul's Church-yard. The competition is, or was, to be played on the "Home Golfer," that they have brought out. The Home Golfer consists, in the first place, of a dial with an index to which a golf ball is attached in such a way that when you hit the ball the index is pulled round and leaves a subsidiary arm behind it at the extreme distance along the dial's arc to which it has been carried by the force of your drive. Then there are plans of different courses, with the distances of the holes marked out for every roys. There is also a scoring board, and there are scoring cards, the former for matches, the latter for score competition. The idea, of course, is that when you have driven, say, 160yds. on the dial, you see how far on the plan this leaves you from the particular hole you are playing. Say you have 60yds. still to go, you will take your mashie (there is a mat to play off, so you can use the game in the house), and if you hit 60yds. exactly you are, presumably, in the hole—for this delightful Home Comfort for the golfer seems to take no cognisance of pulling or slicing. But it is more likely, perhaps, that your dial will show 50yds. or 70yds.; in either of which cases you are within a magic circle that you find, on the plan, circumscribing each hole. There is now a wooden disc, like a quoit, which you lay on the floor and putt at for a hole. Presuming you are playing in a room, you have to graduate your distance down, because a room is seldom as big as a putting green; that is to say, that if you are 10yds. from the hole according to what the dial tells you, you may agree with your opponent to call it 5ft.—so as to get the space into the room—and you putt in the ordinary manner. If you are out of doors, on a lawn, you may do the putting at an ordinary hole without any reducing of distances.

So this makes really quite a good and amusing game for a wet day or a snowy day, or a day when the fates forbid you taking golfing exercise in the common manner. The dial is rather interesting as showing you the different values of different clubs, and it gives excellent practice as a substitute for the real thing. But about the competition business I must say I have a little doubt. I may be quite wrong; but it seems hard to believe that every Home Golfer will show exactly the same on the dial for the same strength of hit. I have not tried my own long enough to see whether it will continue always to mark the same or will mark longer or shorter after much use. I am assured, however, that in this respect it does not change. I have not the least doubt that Messrs. Anderson (three times over) test every one of the machines most carefully when they go out, but they cannot be quite like other machines (say motor-cars) if there is absolutely no element of uncertainty in them. For a match, both playing with the same dial, this does not matter; but for the competitions, with different dials—I wonder. For ships or lunatic asylums, or prisons for company promoters and all places of the like kind, where time must hang heavily, they must be splendid things (I am sorry to say I get no commission on their sale; if I did I would say more), and I have stayed in many a country where the Home Golfer would have been a boon. It is, at all events, by far the best substitute for the real game that I have yet tried—far better than any of the other "parlour golfs" and the like that have been tried so often and found wanting. And if the weather continues in its mood of last year and the beginning of this, there may be more comfort to be found in the Home Golfer than in golf out of doors.

By way of making these notes, if possible, more valuable than they are



A CANADIAN GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.

already, here are some illustrations from photographs taken on Canadian links of Miss Rhona Adair in course of that tour on the American continent which seems to have taught the American golfing woman much. There is one thing that I should like the American feminine golfers to teach ours—that is, to call themselves women instead of ladies. In America it is the "Women's Championship," and so on, not the "Ladies"! It is only a wonder that we do not talk about the "Gentlemen's Amateur Championship" to distinguish it from the feminine. Perhaps some people do. However, if our "ladies" have this to learn from the American and Canadian "women," it is evident that there is something in the way of golf that they have to learn from us, for Miss Adair's tour was a perpetually triumphant procession. There were several that made a good match with her, but none could quite hold her. She did even better than our visiting team of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, for they, though generally victorious, did just get beaten by a picked team of all America. To be sure, Miss Adair is the very best of our women golfers, and the team of men, though a very good one, was not quite the very best. An admirable point about the women golfers of the other side of the Atlantic is their acceptance of Miss Adair's superiority, as I understand the spirit of that acceptance from the newspaper comments. They recognised in her play a thoroughly workmanlike style of golf, a style that did not lay itself out for enjoying the applause of the gallery. It went for business and for winning the match, and we find the papers expressing a little surprise, that is rather amusing in its unconscious revelation of what they had expected, at Miss Adair's absence of all "swagger." If they can appreciate these good qualities, there is every prospect that they will make them their own when a little more time has been given for their acquirement. Golf in the United States is comparatively a new thing, but golf in Canada, where the photographs here shown were taken, is a venerable institution. I have not the chronological tables at hand, but I expect that the golf clubs at Quebec and at Montreal are of older institution than all except half-a-dozen or so of golf clubs south of the Tweed in any land. The man who likes riddles in the rules will ask: "Are Quebec and Montreal south of the Tweed?" He may be left asking.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL ART CLUB.

A GLANCE at the catalogue of the Women's International Art Club, which has opened its exhibition at the Grafton Galleries this week, shows that the names of practically all the best-known women artists of to-day are conspicuous by their absence. To speak the truth, a glance at the walls of the gallery would reveal this fact without any reference to the catalogue, for the extreme amateurishness of most of the exhibits is patent immediately upon entering the rooms.

Even the handicrafts do not rise above the level of mediocrity, and the jewellery especially is greatly inferior to anything shown at the last "Arts and Crafts" exhibition. The art of enamelling, in particular, is one which has suffered much since its recent revival and sudden popularity, and the abuse of this charming handicraft is much to be deplored. But to come to the pictures, which form the bulk of the exhibition. In the first (octagon) room Mrs. M. Y. Hunter's two small water-colours, "Sunshine and Shadow" and "The Village Green," differ conspicuously in accomplishment from their surroundings. They would, in fact, hold their own for charm and delicacy of handling in any exhibition, and are very good examples of this clever young artist's work. "The Village Green" is particularly noticeable for its beautiful landscape background, and the complete absence of trivial sentiment, which it would have been only too easy to introduce into a subject of this kind. In the same room Miss C. M. Lloyd has a nice sketch of Venice. This artist shows two other pictures, both good in colour, the one rather absurdly named "Baedeker" being especially fresh. Miss H. M. Gordon's "Sunny Morning: Polperro" is a pleasant bit of colour, and her "Ponte



MISS ADAIR DRIVING.

Vecchio" is also agreeable; but it does not suggest the character of the famous old Florentine bridge particularly well. The drawings of Miss S. K. Burgess (213 to 217) appear to be intended for book illustrations. They have some charm of colour, and there is a certain suggestion of poetical feeling in their treatment. Not much sculpture is shown. Miss E. M. Rope's work is fairly well known, and her bas-reliefs are always pleasing in their fanciful grace and delicate, though slightly weak, modelling.

As an example of considerable technical accomplishment Miss E. Halse's "Victim to Art" may be mentioned. It is a small figure of a nude child, sulky and pouting. The modelling is extremely clever, and the knowledge of form appears to be complete, but the absence of that indefinable quality, style, renders it of no particular value as a work of art. It is, in fact, a curious object-lesson, showing, as it does, of how little avail mere skill and knowledge are when unaccompanied by those subtle qualities of the mind which go to make up the true artist. It would be a thankless task, and one which we do not intend to embark upon, to single out for adverse criticism any particular works where so many are below even a very moderate standard of art. We therefore pass over in silence what we cannot praise.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

WE saw a fine gallop with the Quorn on Monday—an hour and a-half of hunting of the very best, such as fortune might well grudge to give to anyone on two days running. Think, as the muses used to say, how many poor children would be glad of what you despise! Think how many toilers after the fox in woodland or over flinty plough would talk for half a lifetime over one such run! Yet you are dissatisfied you have not had two. Grimston Gorse held two foxes. Bishopp chose the right one—the fox for sport. From Grimston we galloped to Saxelbye Wood, but so devious was the fox's course after that that I had to make a sketch map of it before I could make out how we had employed the hour and a-half, more or less, that we were hunting. Straight points are rare in the grass countries, even when you have a good bold fox. When gallops in a direct line do come we have what Nimrod used to call a Leicestershire burst. That requires a stout fox, a small covert, and a burning scent. For example, a perfect instance was Mr. Fernie's afternoon gallop on Christmas Eve from Sheephorns to Oadby. Hounds were never off the fox's back; but in the case of an ordinary day, and if the fox has a fair start, he can scarcely run across a single field without seeing something he wishes to avoid. Without being actually headed a fox often turns from his direct path to avoid being seen; but apart from men and dogs, and the recent taint of them in the air, I should doubt if a fox ever runs across the middle of a field willingly. If he does so, it is only under pressure of hounds raging on a tearing scent. The run was a fine one, and will add to the rising reputation of the Quorn huntsman, whose Hampshire and Yorkshire experiences have taught him a great deal about foxes and their ways.

But after writing the above I met a friend who generally hunts with Mr. Fernie, and he had a stranger story still to tell than that told above. These hounds met at Theddingworth, I suppose to give the coverts neutral with the Pytchley an extra drilling. At all events, hounds had reached Marston Trussells, when they found a fox, no doubt a traveller from the Woodland Pytchley. When the huntsman and a small following—I have been able to make out nine, but there might have been more—found themselves outside the Waterloo they had three couple of hounds and no more. The rest of the pack had vanished with another fox. The little company, with their fraction of a pack, hunted from Waterloo, through the covert, and across the Braybrooke country; perhaps one of the stiffest lines in the shires. Still the little pack held on, and their followers must have toiled up the hill wondering what was to happen. Then hounds were clamouring at a cow-hovel, and, pulling their fox out of a manger, they completed a chase which stands out as remarkable in the history of hunting. What one thinks of is the luck of the pack that has three couple of such dog hounds. Since writing the above I see that the incident has been characterised as "unparalleled" and "unprecedented." This, of course, is an exaggeration. Such things are rare, but I have twice seen a run successfully finished by a fraction of a pack. The body of a big pack are useful in covert, and to make a noise, but, generally, the work of a run is done by a few hounds in some packs, certainly not more than three couple. The Pytchley have had one of those runs which come but rarely, even from the most famous coverts. We have sport from Kilworth Sticks, of course; it is not possible that it should be otherwise when the chances are in favour of a ride over the two miles to Walton Holt and back. Not far, it is true, nor occupying many minutes on a scenting day, but, for all that, often not the least memorable moments of the week. Last Wednesday week, however, the Pytchley, starting from the famous Kilworth Sticks, ran far and fast into Mr. Fernie's country, and over a beautiful line to Peatling. It was an excellent sportsman who said that when he changed horses he preferred to get off one and on to the other, and not to jump from one horse to the other. It was while attempting this feat that Lord Charles Beresford jumped too far, and, being rather a stout man, came down heavily on the far side, with the result that he is lying at Kelmarsh Hall with concussion of the brain.

Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker has resigned the Oakley country; I cannot imagine that it will be long without a Master. A country of plough and woodland, it is true, but so arranged as to make for sport. The pack is the property of the country, and at one time held a very high position at Peterborough. Oakley Ambrose was one of the best stallion hounds of his day. In the past the names of Grantley, Berkeley, Arkwright, and Lord Charles Russell were connected with the story of a pack which has never failed to hold its place among the best provincials.

Everyone at Melton mourns the loss of the brilliant young soldier, Captain Thomas Lister, whose career ended gallantly in Somdiland. His father, Lord Ribblesdale, and his aunt, Mrs. Asquith, are, of course, well known here, and Captain Lister himself was riding over the Cottesmore last season, when he stayed with Lord and Lady Manners at Oakham. X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RIDGES ON DOWNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Darwin's "Vegetable Mould and Earthworms," page 281, under the heading "Ledges of Earth on Steep Hillsides," your correspondent will find the formation he refers to fully examined. Darwin questioned the effect of these ledges being due to animals. He says: "Sir J. Hooker saw such ledges on the Himalayan and Atlas ranges, where there were no domesticated animals and not many wild ones." And then he goes on to describe a chalk escarpment in the following terms: "My son Francis examined a chalk escarpment near Lewes; and here, on a part which was very steep, sloping at 40deg. with the horizon, about thirty flat ledges extended horizontally for more than 100yds., at an average distance of about 20in. one beneath the other. They were from 6in. to 10in. in breadth. When viewed from a distance they presented a striking appearance, owing to their parallelism; but when examined closely they were seen to be somewhat sinuous, and one often ran into another, giving the appearance of the ledge having forked into two. They are formed of light-coloured earth, which on the outside, where thickest, was in one case 6in., and in another case between 6in. and 7in., in thickness. Above the ledges the thickness of the earth over the chalk was in the former case 4in. and in the latter only 3in. The grass grew more vigorously on the outer edges of the ledges than on any other part of the slope, and here formed a tufted fringe. Their middle part was bare, but whether this has been caused by the trampling of sheep, which sometimes frequent the ledges, my son could not ascertain. Nor could he feel sure how much of the earth on the middle and bare parts consisted of disintegrated worm-castings which had rolled down from above; but he felt convinced that some had thus originated, and it was manifest that the ledges with their grass-fringed edges would arrest any small object rolling down from above." This quotation is hardly fair to Darwin, but I hope your correspondent will read the whole chapter.—E. D. F.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The ridges are due wholly to sheep. In grazing they prefer to walk along the face of the slope rather than up and down, and by taking advantage of every little irregularity have, in the course of ages, trodden the soil into pathways. Some twenty-five years ago *Nature* illustrated and commented on the same phenomenon to be seen on the slope of the Silurian hill formations in the south of Ayrshire, and it will appear more or less on all slopes that are too steep for the animals to walk up and down comfortably. Even cattle

will make similar paths, but on a much larger and more irregular scale.—P. MCCONNELL, B.Sc., F.G.S.

ACCLIMATISING WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the last number of *COUNTRY LIFE* I read a letter from Commander H. G. Sandeman, R.N., asking for advice as to the best means of introducing woodcock into Vancouver. There would probably be little or no difficulty in importing either the common woodcock or the North American species in sufficient numbers to make the experiment, but the question is whether these migratory birds, when turned down in Vancouver, would remain there during the winter. An examination of the isotherm chart shows that the same line passes through Vancouver and Great Britain, and the climate of the former, especially in the south, is said to be wonderfully mild for the latitude, as mild as our own, but with drier summers. The species most easily procured would probably be the North American woodcock (*Philohela minor*), a smaller bird than the common woodcock, and considered by ornithologists to be generically distinct, because the three outer flight feathers are curiously attenuated. It is found throughout the eastern portion of the continent, from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north-east, and from the Atlantic to Nebraska, but is rare west of the Mississippi. No doubt some of the bird-dealers in the Eastern States could procure a sufficient number of birds alive, and deliver them at Victoria in South Vancouver. The common woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*) is found from Great Britain on the west to Japan on the east, and occasionally straggles into Western North America, while it migrates southward in winter to India, South Persia, and North Africa. In the mountains of the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores it is resident and numerous in the woods and heath-clad hills. As many woodcock also breed in Great Britain and remain throughout the year, it is quite possible that if once established in Vancouver this bird might remain and thrive, as many parts of the island, especially in the south, are apparently suitable to its wants. In October, when the annual "flights" from Scandinavia reach our northern and eastern coasts in a more or less exhausted condition, it should not be difficult to make arrangements by which a sufficient number might be caught unharmed. They are easily kept in captivity, the chief essentials being a good supply of worms, larvae, etc., and might be shipped to Vancouver in charge of some trustworthy person, when, with care, the majority should arrive safely. The expense of such an experiment would no doubt be considerable, and whether the results would repay the necessary outlay could only be ascertained by making the attempt.—W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the possibility of obtaining woodcock for acclimatisation in Vancouver, I do not think there would be any great difficulty, if arrangements could be made for the proper care of the birds *en route*. The case of the woodcock at the Zoo, mentioned recently in COUNTRY LIFE, shows that the bird will do well in confinement. I knew this specimen well, and often used to feed it on lob-worms, which it would take from my fingers as I stood outside the aviary. Its usual food was chopped raw meat. I never noticed that its beak was dirty, though this might have been the case later on in its life. When I first made its acquaintance it was in perfect condition; the injury to its wing, which was subsequently conspicuous, seems to have been quite sudden, and to have resulted, in all probability, from flying up at the roof. Woodcock have also been fed satisfactorily in captivity on bread and milk, so that there would be no difficulty about their food on board ship. It would be well, however, to ship a supply of earth-worms and meal-worms to supplement the artificial food. The cage for shipment of such birds should not be much higher than they require to stand upright in—say a foot—and the floor should be covered with a straw or sacking mat, which should be daily cleaned or replaced by another. There should also be a curtain over the front of the cage. Water should, of course, be given; the food, if meat, might well be placed in the water vessel, as is done with grain for ducks. Mr. P. Castang of Leadenhall Market could probably supply the birds; if not, application could be made to some of the Dutch dealers, who supply a great variety of wildfowl.—F. FINN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent Commander H. G. Sandeman, R.N., I should think it extremely unlikely that he would be able to establish woodcock in Vancouver Island. The woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*) is, as far as Great Britain is concerned, mostly a migrant from the Continent. In cases of very hard winters in Great Britain a few individuals have been recorded as reaching Newfoundland, etc., and many hundreds in such cases must have perished in the intermediate ocean. The migratory instinct would soon be overcome, and the imported birds would never be induced to stay. In the eastern part of North America there is an indigenous (?) woodcock (*Scolopax minor* or *Philohela*). I do not know what its habits are, but possibly the introduction of this species might meet with success.—H. S. G.

"MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I regret very much having to ask your permission to make further comment upon "E. K. R.'s" methods of criticism; but as he has thrown aspersions upon the accuracy of plain statements made by me, I trust you will give me a brief portion of your valuable space. It is true that "E. K. R." has admitted, not very graciously, that in reviewing my book he had wrongly imputed to me conclusions founded upon the distribution of fresh-water fishes in the Southern Hemisphere, and attacks me instead upon something I have written about other fish in the Northern Hemisphere. I am not prepared to enter into controversy upon this subject with an anonymous writer. The charge made against me by "E. K. R." of misrepresenting scientific opinion is a more serious one. He now says that "Sir Herbert Maxwell cannot quote a single authority in support of his statement that until lately it was supposed" that the supply of Clouded Yellow butterflies was kept up only by immigration. I do not know, of course, what constitutes "an authority" in "E. K. R.'s" view, but this I do know, that probably no man living has given closer attention to the "Clouded Yellow" problem than Mr. Frohawk, the result of whose researches was communicated to the *Field* not long ago. Mr. Frohawk is of opinion that the continuance of *Colias edusa* as a British species depends entirely on immigrants from the Continent. I believe there is only one authenticated instance of the larva and pupa of this butterfly surviving an English winter, and that was in the Isle of Wight. Finally, "E. K. R." reads me because I spoke of the "sweets" in single roses. He refers me to Lord Avebury's book published in 1875. Note, that "E. K. R.'s" original quarrel with me was that I spoke of insects being attracted to roses and meadow-sweet. He denied that they were so. What does Lord Avebury say to this? "The flowers" [of single roses] "do not appear to secrete honey, but are much visited by insects for the sake of the pollen." Hermann Muller in his standard work on "The Fertilisation of Flowers" (pp. 237-8) states that while the dog rose "seems either to secrete no honey at all, or only a thin adherent layer of it," the sweet briar "produces an obvious secretion of honey."—HERBERT MAXWELL, Monreith.

[Surely "E. K. R." is not fairly described as an anonymous writer.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is difficult to follow Sir Herbert Maxwell every time that he shifts his ground. In my review I complained of his "argument—from the distribution of two fishes, the galaxias attenuatus and the burbot—(1) that South America and Australasia were once joined by land; (2) that the German Ocean was a plain; and (3) that terrestrial connection existed between Europe and America." It is true that in his book Sir Herbert Maxwell, after making the suggestion as an "obvious" one—"that in the Tertiary epoch terrestrial connection existed between South America and Australasia, and that *galaxias* preserves unchanged the features of ancestors which existed anterior to the severance of the two continents"—qualifies the assumption as rash, "in the absence of geological evidence"; but he immediately goes on to affirm (2) and (3) in the very next paragraph without any qualification whatever: "There *must* have been terrestrial connection between Europe and America, for the burbot is now the same in both these continents" (the italics are mine), and "When this fresh-water cod found a home in these waters the German Ocean was a plain." Now, taking his qualified "obvious suggestion" of (1) as his definite and confident assertion of (2) and (3), in consecutive paragraphs, together, I maintain that my criticism thereof, as "an intolerable deal of shuffling of continents and oceans to accommodate the habitats of two unimportant fishes"—habitats

which, as I showed, might be very simply explained otherwise—was absolutely justified. If Sir Herbert Maxwell wishes to draw distinctions in probability between his theories of land-connection to account for the habitats of fishes in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, he can do so; but both alike would be "absurdly large conclusions drawn from very slender premisses." With regard to the Clouded Yellow butterfly I can only repeat my assertion that "Sir Herbert Maxwell cannot quote a single authority in support of his statement that until lately it was supposed" that our Clouded Yellow butterflies were recruited only from the Continent. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Frohawk, and am glad to believe that my own conclusions on this matter are not very different from his. But he will certainly not support Sir Herbert Maxwell's absurd statement—which might be paralleled by a person who, having heard some scrap of conversation about radium and knowing nothing of it himself, should rush into print with the assertion that "until lately it was supposed that there existed a substance, called 'radium,' possessing wonderful properties," etc. He unconsciously exposes his ignorance, too, of a subject upon which, in his "Memories of the Months," he presumed to instruct the public by his argument in the above letter: "I believe there is only one authenticated instance of the larva and pupa of this butterfly surviving an English winter." How could both "larva and pupa" survive an English winter as "one instance"? And, if they did, how would it affect the matter under discussion? It is the imago, or perfect insect, which has been supposed to hibernate with us, thus perpetuating the species. With regard to the roses, Sir Herbert Maxwell now abandons his distinction between single roses and double roses "which have no sweets," and quotes H. Muller as to the secretion of the sweet briar. But all this is very far from the fact, noted by me, that in saying that "Nature bestows a blush upon the rose and fragrance upon the meadow-sweet to attract flying and creeping things" he unfortunately selected two flowers which offer arguments rather against than for the theory he is quoting. Both, in spite of their strong perfume and conspicuous appearance, are scarcely at all attractive to insects, whereas inconspicuous and almost scentless flowers near them may be crowded with flying and creeping things.—E. K. R.

INSECT VISITORS TO ROSES AND SPIRÆAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be interesting to pursue a little further the discussion taken part in by Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., and "E. K. R.," as to the frequency of insect visits to single roses and spiræas (meadow-sweet). I know that many insects visit single roses, and it is not correct to say they are "scarcely at all attractive to insects," as "E. K. R." does. True, they secrete no honey (Professor Hermann Muller speaks of a thin adherent layer in some cases), but other things make the flowers most attractive to insects—a large, gaudy saucer, a sweet perfume, and plenty of pollen. Let me quote from Muller's work on "The Fertilisation of Flowers": "*Rosa canina*.—The flowers seem either to secrete no honey at all, or only a thin adherent layer of it; at least, I have never found drops of honey, in spite of repeated searchings. The flowers which attract notice by their large petals and their strong scent, compensate the numerous insect visitors for the want of honey by the abundance of pollen which their numerous stamens supply." A detailed list of twenty species of insect visitors is given, chiefly hymenoptera and coleoptera. Then coming to *Rosa centifolia*, Muller says: "In consequence of its more conspicuous flowers, this species is still more largely visited by insects, for though I have observed it more rarely than *R. canina*, I have a longer list of its insect visitors." *Spiræa ulmaria* and *S. filipendula* secrete no honey, but attract many insect visitors. Muller says that *Spiræa salicifolia*, *S. ulmifolia*, and *S. sorbifolia* produce abundant pollen and honey. This I hope to verify this summer.—WILLIAM CUTHBERTSON.

SHETLAND PEAT-CARRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Shetland Islands are far removed from coal-mines and are destitute of trees, but Nature frequently compensates for various disadvantages, and in this instance has provided ample resources in the way of fuel in the shape of extensive peat-bogs. Of course the labour of converting it into peats is arduous and slow, but the poorer classes could not afford to buy coal at 18s. to 22s. per ton. About the first thing which impresses a visitor to these regions (except he come in June, when the Dutch fishing fleet have arrived) is



CUTTING PEATS, ORKNEY.

the number of women of all ages trudging along the streets, roads, and lanes of Lerwick, all carrying heavy straw caishies of peats. Young women, with the firm step of youth and "shop" boots on, tramp side by side with the old dame of perhaps eighty years, her feet encased in rivlins, a rude shoe made out of dried cowskin. Some carry sacks, but most have the caishies slung over their shoulders, and many of them make a double use of time by knitting, as they bend beneath their heavy burdens, the far-famed hosiery associated with the islands. Out in the country, between Lerwick and Scalloway, the same irregular, witch-like procession of peat-carriers is seen appearing and disappearing among the heathery banks and along tracks leading to their several crofts or on the road leading to town. The carrying continues all the year round—sufficient unto each day being the need thereof. The dried peats are stored in piles near where they have been cut, from which the home stock is daily replenished. The Orcadians, on the other hand, cart nearly all their peats home, building them in one or more stacks, accessible in any weather. The exigencies of the roads in Shetland and the very limited resources of the peasantry make the human beast of burden necessary. It is purely women's work, and though heavy, is health-giving, the exercise and outdoor life rendering them singularly immune from disease. A curious fact in connection with Shetland women is established from the parish registers, viz., that the majority of them are at marriage older than their husbands.—T. K.

STOCKS ON WHEELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the last places, if not absolutely the last place, at which minor offenders were sentenced to the stocks is the little town of Much Wenlock, Shropshire. There this ignominious, though painless, form of punishment was practised as recently as 1852. Of course, innumerable towns and villages have preserved their stocks, but Wenlock's machine is peculiar, from the fact that it is carried upon wheels, and has a handle by which it might be drawn. These render the Wenlock stocks unique. It appears from the minute books of the borough magistrates that the wheels were added shortly before the punishment was abolished, in order that the instrument of the law could be drawn inside the Guildhall—in an upper room of which it is preserved—out of the way of the irreverent and mischievous mob when it was not in use. However, the parish constables, either not perceiving the object of the innovation, or by way of increasing the public disgrace, when they had secured their prisoners in the machine drew it round for all to see. But pitying spectators used to treat both constables and culprits, so that after a little time had elapsed the procession was deprived of its dignity, and the principal characters grew hilarious. In the same town the whipping-post, with its locking apparatus for securing the delinquent sentenced to public castigation, is still *in situ*. The post is really one of the oaken piazzas of the Guildhall, which is built over the butter-market. It is furnished with two



WHIPPING-POST AT WENLOCK.



A SHETLAND PEAT-CARRIER.

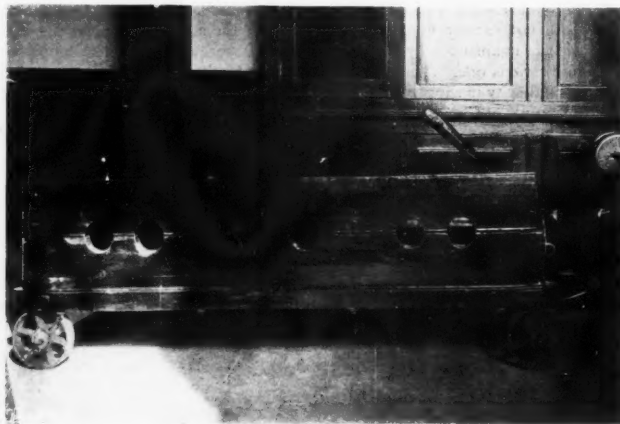
clamps on either side for securing the wrists, which clamps are placed at different heights to suit that of the culprit, according to whether he was a tall or a short individual.—SALOPIAN.

A TENNIS LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just bought a house in the suburbs with a lawn large enough for tennis, but which has evidently been neglected, and I want to prepare it in readiness for playing the game. Judging by a 3ft. hole I have dug, the subsoil appears to be good garden mould; but although it is not clayey, the surface seems to hold the wet. How much will it cost to properly drain the lawn and relay it? There is an outfall for water only a few feet away. If, as I am afraid, the cost of draining it by pipes would be more than it is worth to me, would you recommend me to cut the turf and roll it up, stacking it aside, dig up the top soil for a few inches, and substitute a layer of cinders? Should the turf then be relaid direct on to the cinders, or should the soil be replaced before the turf is relaid? What quantity of cinders should I require, and where could they be obtained in sufficient quantity? Locality, Highbury. Would you recommend using fresh grass seed instead of replacing the old turf, which is fairly good, but may be said to be practically growing in mud?—TENNIS LAWN.

[The expense of draining a lawn is commonly not large, but it depends a good deal on where the water comes in. The great thing is to catch it—i.e., to put your drain where the water comes on to the lawn. Probably there is some indication that the ground sloped at one time, even if it does not now, one way or the other, and the plan would be to lay a drain along the length of that side on which the water enters—almost certainly the side originally higher. As a rule such a drain as this, say of 3in. or 4in. drain-pipes of clay, will keep the water from invading the lawn by stopping it off and conveying it away. If there is a particularly wet spot anywhere on the lawn you might lay a subsidiary drain—3in. pipes would be ample for this, and probably for the bigger drain too—leading from the wet patch away from the lawn, or to the main drain. We think it more than likely that this will dry your lawn sufficiently in the soil you describe, and the turf would probably come all right. It would be helped by grass seed scratched in, and some strings with feathers laid over it to keep the sparrows off while it is newly sown. This treatment would only cost the price of the pipes delivered, and, say, two men's work for two days. It depends on the length of the side you have to drain. If this does not seem likely, as we believe it would be, to be



WENLOCK'S UNIQUE STOCKS, WHICH ARE CARRIED ON WHEELS.

adequate, your alternative suggestion of taking up the turf, etc., is the best; but in this case, too, you will be the better for having the drain to catch on-flowing surface water. Probably (it is hard to say without seeing it) the old turf will do perfectly. The soil should be taken up for 6in. deep, then a 2in. deep layer of cinders laid, then soil replaced and turf relaid. We should estimate (the estimate has to be rough when one cannot view the ground and soil) the total cost of this at about fifteen pounds (£15); but something depends on the facilities for getting the cinders in your neighbourhood—a matter on which we can offer no suggestions. In any case replace the old turf and help it with grass seed. On the whole, we should recommend trying the drain, as the simplest plan, first. If it answers, so much the better; if not, it will be so much to the good against the time when you take up the turf and relay with a cinder layer.—ED.]

A PARROT'S PERCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had a flat perch made for my parrot about 1in. broad, but hear they are not good for them, making their feet deformed. Will you please tell me if that is the case, and why? I must add there is also a round one, so she can use which she likes, but certainly seems to prefer the flat.—A. B.

[A cage-bird specialist could answer this better; but so long as the perch is narrow enough for the claws to grip the edges, we do not think that the shape would matter. Walking and standing always on a flat surface would deform the feet by turning the claws aside.—ED.]